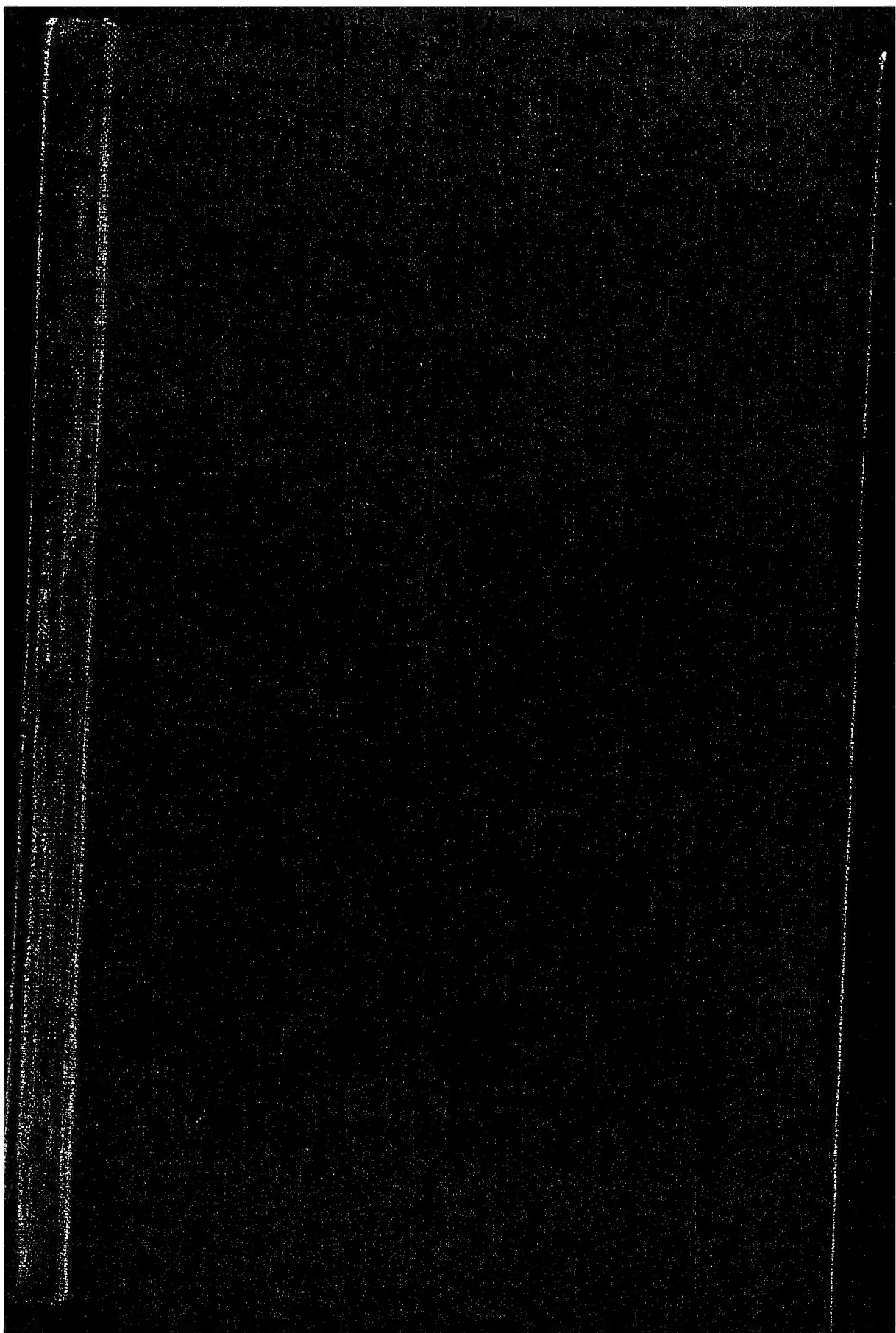






Tales and Trails
—OF—
Western Canada

**Stirring stories of personalities and
episodes of the trailmaking days
in Western Canada**

—BY—
Nell Macvicar and Irene Craig

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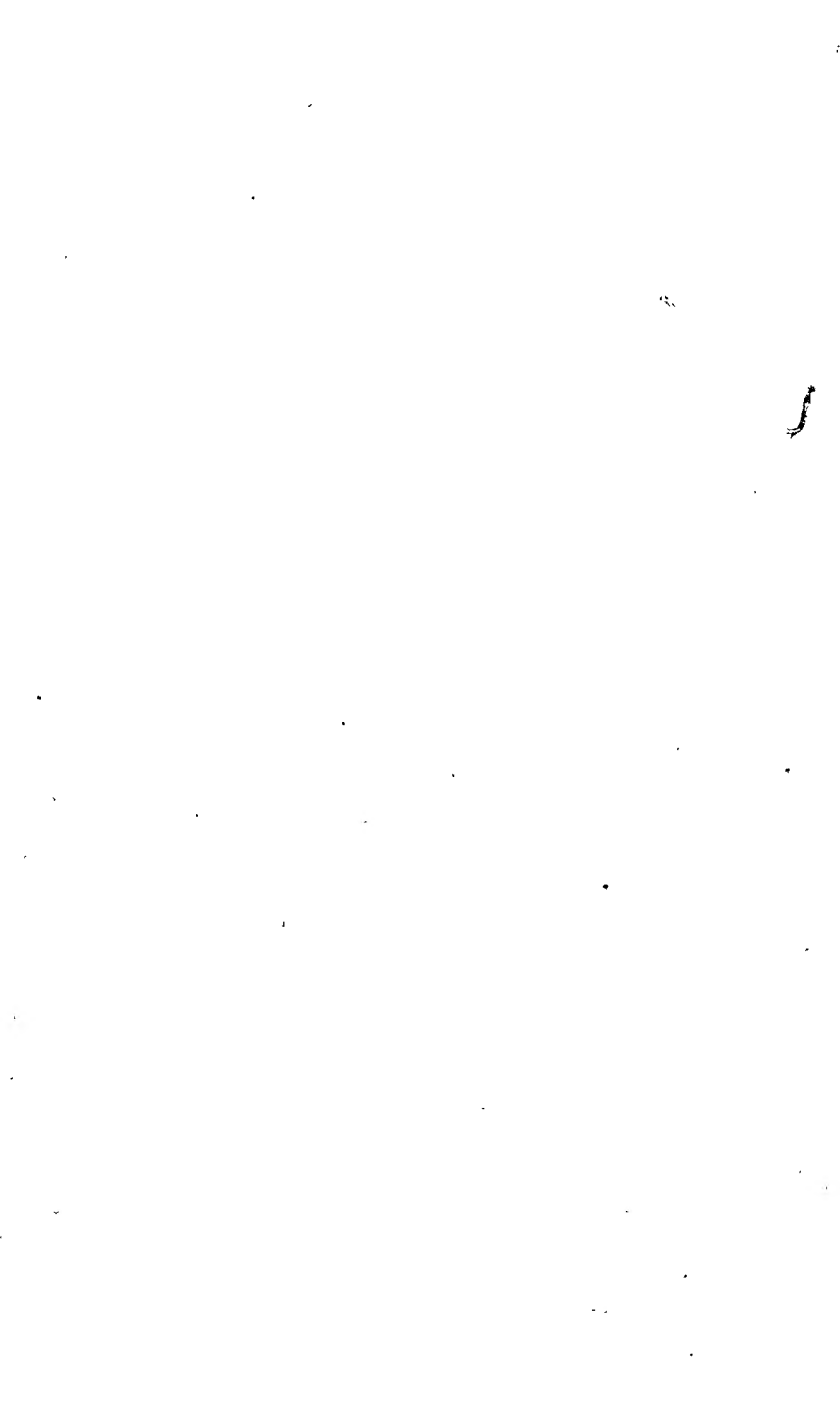
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Blackfoot Chief and Subordinates.
Reproduced from the painting of Paul Kane (1810-1883).
(Courtesy National Art Gallery of Canada)



FOREWORD

This book will show that our history is not always dull. The collection of stories about prominent and interesting people and events in the early days of Western Canada is designed to bring before boys and girls in our schools some of the picturesque material from our past, in a form which will be readily understood and which will arouse interest.

The history of other countries has provided numerous collections of stories illustrating the careers of great men and the importance of great events, but there has been relatively little material of this sort made available from the Canadian scene as a whole, and almost nothing from Western Canada. This is not because there are no incidents either worthy or interesting enough to relate but simply because this material has not been made readily available in book form. It is to meet this need and to provide supplementary reading material for the course in Social Studies that this collection is presented.

R. O. MACFARLANE,

*R. O. MacFarlane, M.A., Ph.D.
Deputy Minister of Education
Winnipeg*

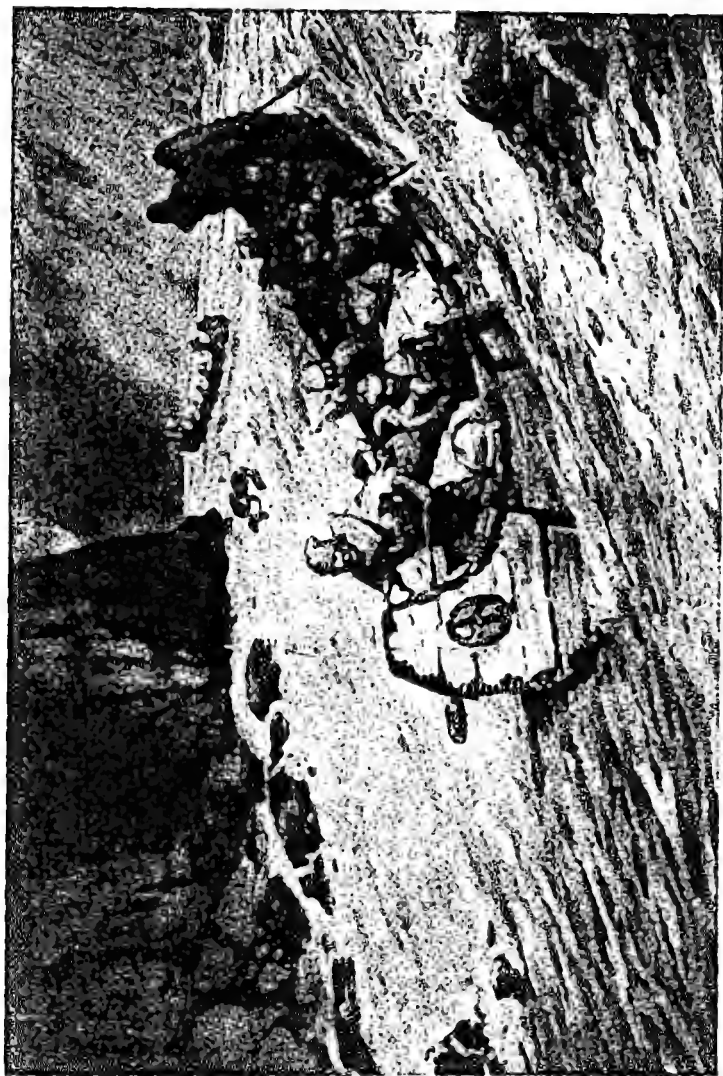


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Voyageurs Shooting the Rapids.

(Courtesy Hudson's Bay Company)



The Long Distance Runner of Manitoba

JEAN BAPTISTE LAJIMODIERE

We have had many long distance runners in Manitoba. There are some to-day that are quite good. But no man in Manitoba, nor in all Canada, has beaten the record of Jean Baptiste Lajimodiere. He ran, walked, and snow-shoed from Red River to Montreal in 1815. A distance of about eighteen hundred miles. This is the story of Jean Baptiste and his long distance hike.

Jean Baptiste was born in a quiet little village, Three Rivers, in Quebec. As a boy he loved excitement and adventure and he loved interesting stories. He used to listen many times to tales told by the voyageurs who came to his village. These voyageurs were the men who carried food and supplies to the Forts and Trading Posts in North Western Canada. They told of the free, wild life of the Indians and the sport and dangerous excitement of buffalo hunting on the prairies. These stories made Jean Baptiste long to join in this kind of life.

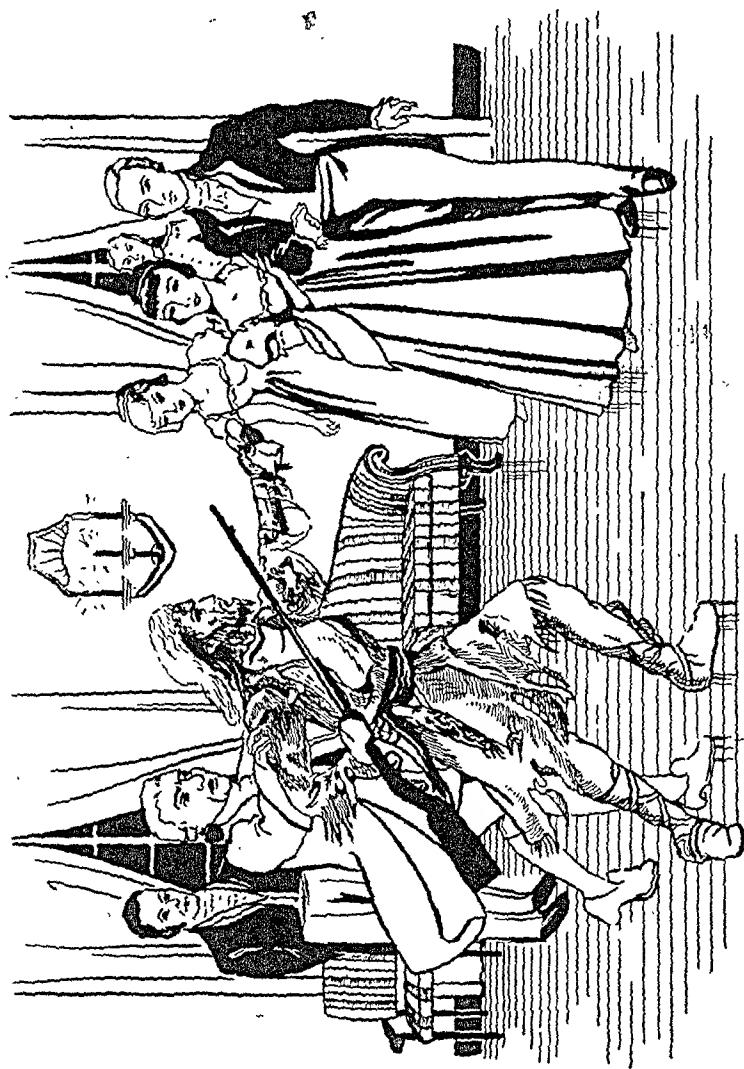
When he was eighteen years old he made up his mind to go to Western Canada. In the Spring of 1801 he left Quebec with a party of fur-traders and voyageurs. They travelled by canoe and on foot. These were not the small canoes such as we see to-day on our lakes and rivers. They were much longer and wider. Generally it took eighteen men

to paddle one canoe. When they had to cross country from one river or lake to another, eight men carried one canoe. Besides the men, these canoes carried food, and goods of all kinds to trade with the Indians in exchange for furs.

The journey was a long hard one for a boy of eighteen. But Jean Baptiste was very strong and took his share of the work. Several times they ran into terrible storms on the lakes. In one of these they nearly lost their canoes with all their supplies. In another storm one canoe upset and several men were drowned. Then they had to travel in a round-about way in order to keep out of sight of Indians who were unfriendly to the white people. This made their trip a very long one.

After over a month of hard travelling they reached Fort Pembina on the border between Canada and the United States in the west. Here Jean Baptiste rested for a while before joining a band of buffalo hunters. Buffalo meat was the greatest source of food for the early settlers. Bands of Indians and white people roamed the prairies every summer killing the buffalo and bringing the meat back to the forts.

For over five years Jean Baptiste lived this wild, dangerous life. He grew into a strongly built man who could stand the hardest kind of living. He loved the prairies; the miles and miles of plains and bush. He learned to speak the language of the Indians and they became his friends. The white settlers also liked him. They trusted Jean Baptiste because they knew he was always fair in his trading, and that his work was always well done.



Jean Baptiste Lejmodiere breaks in upon Lord Selkirk's New Year's Eve party at Montreal with letters and papers from the Red River, after a journey of sixty days.



Then one year Jean Baptiste grew homesick for his own people. He joined some voyageurs returning to Quebec for supplies. While there he fell in love and married a pretty French girl. He persuaded her to return with him to Western Canada. She was the first white woman to live on the Western prairies.

After they reached Western Canada, the Lajimodieres lived for a time in Fort Pembina. Their first child, a girl, was born in the Fort. When Jean Baptiste again joined in the buffalo hunting, he took his wife and child with him. The baby was carried in a moss-bag which was hung on one side of her mother's saddle.

For years Jean Baptiste and his family lived a roving life. As more children were born to them, they camped with their mother on the prairies, while their father hunted with the Indians during the summer. In winter they lived in one of the forts scattered throughout Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

One winter while they were living at a fort on the Saskatchewan River, Jean Baptiste heard some exciting news. Lord Selkirk was bringing some Scottish people from across the ocean to settle along the Red River in Manitoba. Jean Baptiste at once returned with his family to work among the settlers in Manitoba.

The plans of the Selkirk settlers did not work out very well. They were given farms along the river, but they had brought very few tools with them and were not able to buy any in Red River. They found it hard to work their land in order to grow wheat and vegetables for food. Then they

had trouble with one of the fur trading companies, and with the half-breeds.

There were two fur trading companies in Western Canada, the Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company, and they were very unfriendly to each other. The North West Trading Company did not like the Selkirk settlers. They were afraid they would upset the Company's trade with the Indians. They got the half-breeds to join with their company and made life for the Selkirk settlers very unhappy. Fighting was always going on between the North West Company and the settlers and between the two fur trading companies.

After seeing that the people he brought from Scotland were settled on their farms, Lord Selkirk went back to Montreal. However, he sent out a man named Colin Robertson to look after the settlers.

One year, word reached Colin Robertson that the North West Company was going to attack the Selkirk settlers and try to drive them out of the country. He knew he must get word to Lord Selkirk to send out help at once. But how was he to get the message through!

There were no railways in the West in those days and no mail carriers. The voyageurs carried some letters to and from Eastern Canada, but Colin Robertson knew he could not trust his letters to them. One of them might sell them to the North West Company, or the Company might take them away from the voyageurs by force. He would have to find a man he could trust, someone quick on his feet and brave enough to make the long journey

alone. He could think of only one man, Jean Baptiste Lajimodiere.

Jean Baptiste knew well all the dangers of the trip. If the North West Company found out where he was going and why, they would do their best to catch him, destroy the letters and take him prisoner. They might even kill him. On the way to Montreal Jean Baptiste would have to keep clear of all forts and trading posts that belonged to this company. Several Indian tribes were friendly to the North West Company and he would have to keep out of their way.

In spite of all these dangers, Jean Baptiste said he would take the letters to Montreal and give them to Lord Selkirk. Very quietly he made his plans. He told his wife he would be away longer than usual. He let his friends think he was just off on another hunting trip.

On Hallow-e'en well over one hundred years ago Jean Baptiste Lajimodiere slipped out of the little settlement on Red River and started his long walk to Montreal. He carried with him only a gun, an axe, a blanket and some food. He expected to live mostly on the animals he could shoot and on fish. He crossed the border to Warroad in Minnesota and kept away from the regular trails followed by the traders.

It was a terrible journey, made all alone and on foot. Unfortunately for Jean Baptiste winter started early that year and wild birds and animals were scarce. He found little to shoot and, unless he was near a river, he was not able to get fish. For several days at a time he lived on boiled moss with

nothing else. His clothes were torn when he had to chop his way through thick forest. He grew ragged and thin, and tired. But he still kept on his way, determined to keep his word and deliver his letters.

As he was getting somewhere near Montreal, Jean Baptiste met a man named Sutherland making his way to a nearby village. He offered to give the tired traveller a lift and Jean Baptiste accepted with joy. As the two jogged along their way, he was foolish enough to tell Sutherland why he had made the long trek from Red River. Sutherland was greatly excited. He offered to drive Jean Baptiste all the way to Montreal on condition that the letters be given to him to hand to Lord Selkirk.

Of course, Jean Baptiste refused to give up the letters. Then, afraid Sutherland might try some trickery in order to get them, he decided to go on by himself. Down the weary man got from the sleigh and made the rest of his way on foot.

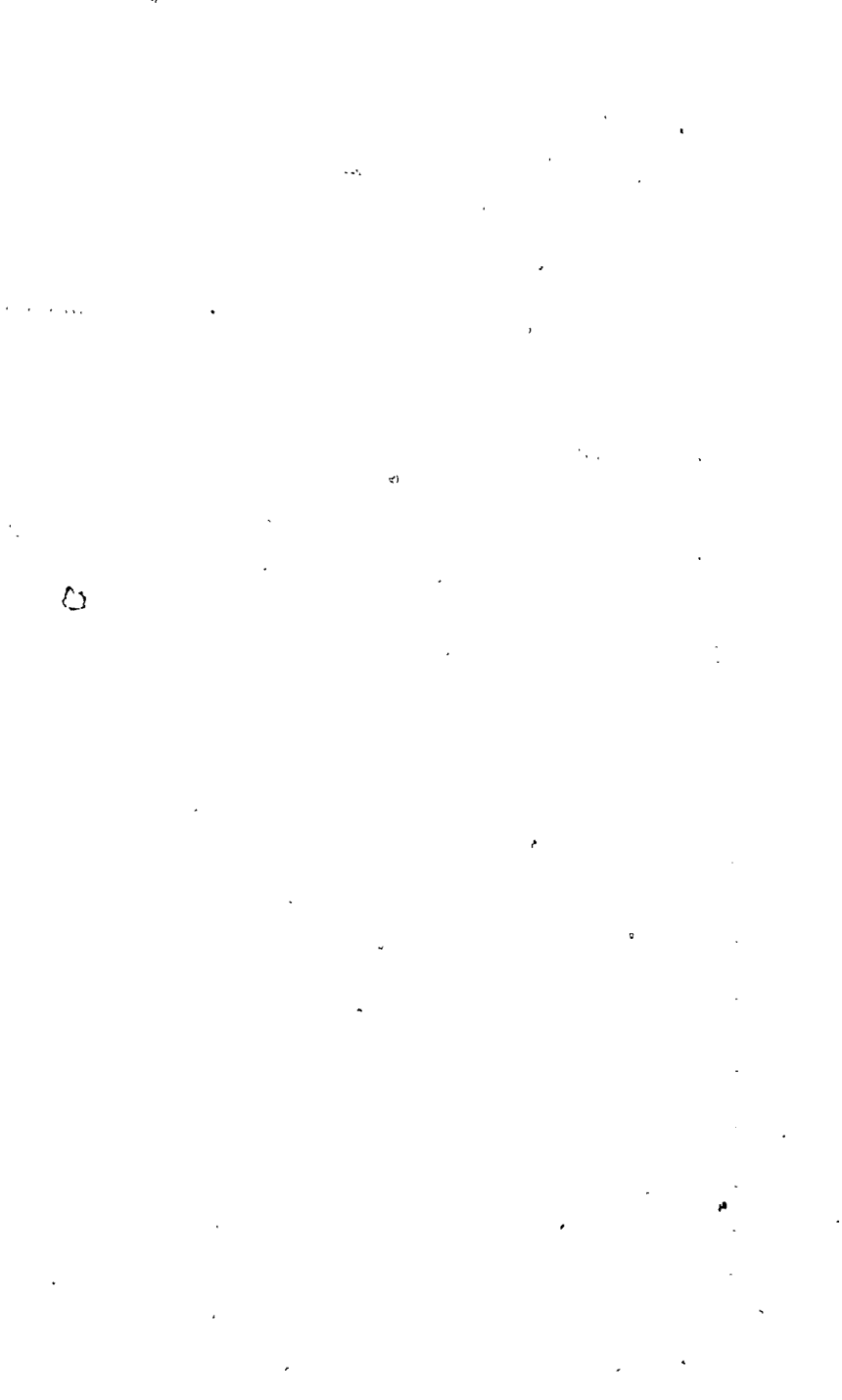
On New Year's Eve, about two months after leaving Red River, Jean Baptiste reached Montreal. His clothes were dirty and in rags; his feet were cut and sore. He was completely tired out and hungry, but just as he was, he found his way to the home of Lord Selkirk.

When the door was opened, he heard sounds of music and laughter. They were holding a large New Year's party. Quite naturally the servants refused to let the shabby, wild-looking stranger in the house. But the fearless hunter of buffalo was not to be frightened by a few men. He pushed the servants aside, rushed into the house and straight to the room in which they were dancing. Fancy



A Difficult Portage.

From "Hudson's Bay"—(Courtesy 20th Century Fox)



the fright he must have given everyone! Shoving his way past the gaily dressed women and men he made straight to where Lord Selkirk was standing. Into his hands Jean Baptiste thrust the letters and papers he had risked his life to bring to Montreal.

Lord Selkirk was deeply grateful to Jean Baptiste Lajimodiere for his good work. He gave orders that he was to be well looked after while in Montreal. Later on he gave Jean Baptiste a large piece of land about where the Canadian Pacific Hotel in Winnipeg stands to-day. As well, he presented this famous long distance runner with a handsome sword, which may be seen to-day in St. Boniface Museum. The gun that Jean Baptiste used is also treasured in the Museum.

Jean Baptiste remained in Montreal just two days, then started on his return journey to Red River. He carried letters from Lord Selkirk to Colin Robertson promising help as quickly as it could reach the settlers.

Unluckily for Jean Baptiste, the North West Company had by this time learned of his trip to Montreal and knew he would be returning. They offered to the wandering bands of Indians near Fort William presents of money, tobacco and other things, if they would take the messenger prisoner. Close to Fort William Jean Baptiste ran into one of these bands of Indians. He put up a good fight, but the Indians were too many for him. They beat him up badly and took him to Fort William where he was put under a strong guard.

Several months later Lord Selkirk and his soldiers surprised the North West Company's men

at Fort William and captured the Fort. Here they found Jean Baptiste Lajimodiere, freed him and took him back to the Canadian West.

Jean Baptiste joined his family in Red River just about a year after leaving them to make his long trip. His wife had quite given him up for lost. You can imagine her joy when he turned up unexpectedly one day in front of her cabin.

In the grounds about St. Boniface Cathedral a large stone has been put up in memory of this brave man and his courageous wife.



The sword presented by Lord Selkirk to Jean Baptiste Lajimodiere in gratitude for his long trip from Red River to Montreal taking letters to Lord Selkirk. Also gun used by Lajimodiere during his years on the Western Prairies.

(Courtesy St. Boniface Museum)

Many Happy Returns

"THE BOY—HENRY KELSEY" . . . was the way people referred to him. Henry was always a handful, as the saying goes, so that when his employers in the Hudson's Bay Company said "The boy", they may have meant that boy!—Henry Kelsey.

It happened this way. In the latter part of the seventeenth century many folk in London had their eyes on the new fur company with the romantic name; this same Hudson's Bay Company. As Henry roamed the streets of London and hung about the docks in the year 1684, he, too, heard chat and gossip. The best thrill for the boy was watching the men unload the Company's cargoes, furs that came from the Company's forts. He longed to feel them. Why! those bales of fur came from the new land where they said Indians went on the warpath!

Though only thirteen, Henry Kelsey was smart enough to know that it would be exciting to work for this company, or perhaps it was those Indians that excited him! He decided to try his luck. At that time the Company was fourteen years old, and when Henry applied to work for them, they thought he seemed a smart boy. Before you could say "knife", the lad was signed on as a recruit ready to sail on the next voyage to Canada. Shortly after, Henry was on his way to the strange new world. Soon he would actually see one of the forts of the Hudson's Bay Company; one at the mouth of the Nelson River.

On the voyage you may be sure the boy was all over the vessel. It was cold high up in the rigging

of the good ship "Happy Return", but from there it was also pretty exciting for an urchin of the London city streets to see porpoises rolling, whales spouting, and best of all, a polar bear on an ice floe.

The Fort itself was just what he hoped for . . . from the outside. And he was just in time! Trading was soon to begin.

The river was full of gaily colored canoes all piled high with furs. When Henry saw the Indians decked out in their headfeathers and native finery it was more than he had even dreamed. Then the bugle blew! The Assiniboines came on shore to trade and the Governor of the Fort and the great Indian Chief smoked the ceremonial peace pipe. Henry knew he had made no mistake. On these occasions the Governor always wore red velvet, gold lace, and a sword. How Henry loved his sword!

For the beaver skins that the Indians brought to barter a standard price was set. The Indian Chief knew he would get half a pound of gunpowder for one skin. Also for one skin he would receive four pounds of shot. Beads were a little more expensive. For one skin the Chief could get only half a pound of the bright little baubles. If he wanted a hatchet, . . . and what Indian could resist one . . . all the Chief had to do was offer a beaver and he would be given a big hatchet plus a small one for good measure. Of course they bought hatchets by the dozen and that took many skins. Lumped together, eight hunting knives and eight jack-knives cost one skin. That was considered a good bargain. How many knives would a Chief get for ten skins?



MAKING FRIENDS

The boy, Henry Kelsey, talks with the Indians

(Courtesy Hudson's Bay Company)



The squaws were looked after too. But if the Chief wanted a coat for his wife, unfortunately the price was high and he must be prepared to hand over many furs. A coat cost him five skins! Worse still, if the coat was trimmed with two yards of lace, that ran the price up still another pelt. However, Henry saw the Chief hand over six skins for each lace trimmed coat. It seemed a lot but things for a lady are like that.

Kettles were sold by the pound. Here the trader could take his choice. There were all kinds from five-gallon kettles to those of sixteen-gallons. Whatever the size, every pound of kettle was valued at one beaver skin.

The same was true for tobacco, but a looking-glass and comb was a luxury. They went together, and for that important item the Indian handed over two skins.

When the trading at the Fort was over, the kettles and the knives and the hatchets were carefully stowed away in the canoes. Henry stood close by as the Assiniboines prepared for their journey home, and the sharp-eyed boy noticed they took care to put the lace trimmed coats in the driest part of the canoes. Those braves knew those coats for the girls cost the greatest number of skins.

At all times in the Fort there was much to be done. Henry was kept busy. The duty bell rang at six o'clock in the morning in the summer and everyone worked until six in the evening. In the winter it was eight o'clock to four.

Though there was time off to shoot partridge for the table, none of the people in the Fort was

allowed to make friends with the Indians they met. This rule was very strict. Henry didn't agree with this idea. He was used to managing his own affairs. He was not used to discipline, and the urge to roam was strong in him. Besides he liked Indians.

After awhile he tired of the inside work. Against orders he used to slip away from the Fort and ride on the plains with his friends, the Assiniboinés, but he always returned.

Before long he could talk with the Indians. They taught him to shoot and hunt, and they admired his daring. He was so likeable and so sure of himself, and the cheek of the lad amused them.

The Governor did not look on it in the same light. He liked Henry, too, but his truancy was a problem. At first he pretended he didn't know Henry was disobeying him by his bare-faced chumminess with the red-skins, but Henry went too far. The Governor got out the cat and gave Henry a good thrashing.

The lad wasn't really a bad boy. He loved the Indians and didn't see why he shouldn't ride with them on the plains. It was such fun! The cat with the nine tails hurt and the rebellious boy in the Fort longed for his friends on the other side of the high palisade. That night he watched his chance!

When the bell rang next morning there wasn't any Henry to do chores. For months there was no sign of him. Everyone missed the runaway boy and his pranks. He was a favorite with them all. This time would he return?

One day an Indian runner came to the Fort and showed the sentry a piece of birch bark. There was

something scribbled on it. Sure enough it was a note from the long lost Kelsey.

He asked the Governor if he could come back. If the Governor would forgive him he would make up for his wickedness. He would have the Indians bring more and more furs to trade and he would lead an exploring party to tell the far-off Indians how to go about it. That was the message.

The Governor felt it was time to "let bygones be bygones," so back went the runner to fetch Henry. Everyone was excited! Soon Henry's old-time mates caught sight of a great tall fellow dressed like an Indian brave. They were astonished. Could this be "the boy"? The Governor and the rest of the people at the Fort hardly knew him. Then they realized Henry had grown up! It was indeed a happy return. "The boy" was now a man.

Kelsey was made welcome. He said he and his wife, the brown girl at his side, were glad to come home.

Wife? What wife? "No," said the Governor, "the girl does not belong!"

"She goes where I go!" answered the keen-eyed Henry as he stood his ground.

After a strong silence the Governor beckoned them into the Fort gate. He needed those furs that Henry's friends, the Indians, would bring. He could not afford to lose Henry a second time.

The exploring party was arranged and they set out. Day by day Kelsey and his companions travelled along the waterways and over the prairies,

blazing the trail across what is now Manitoba and Saskatchewan.

He was the first known explorer to find the way through North-western Canada. He kept a diary about it. This was lost for over a hundred years but it turned up a few years ago in Northern Ireland. Another happy return!

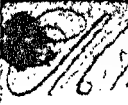
Kelsey was the first white man to see the great herds of buffalo. Grizzly bears too! He made short work of those brutes. Once a couple of them nearly made short work of him. His first shot had brought one down. Luckily his second shot brought the second killer down too. He and his Indian friend escaped! In that two minutes Henry, the fearless, earned for himself a title. From then on the admiring Assiniboines called him "The Little Giant!"

On he led the exploring expedition, and this journey of his brought profit to the Company. All the way along Henry made more and more Indian friends. They trusted him. This in turn helped the fur trade. As he explored, he claimed for the Hudson's Bay Company the new land he discovered.

It was a life he loved. For nearly forty years he worked for the great "Company of Adventurers of England trading into Hudson's Bay." The time came when "the boy—Henry Kelsey" was made a Governor! . . . and right at the same Fort.

If only we could know what thoughts ran through Henry's head the day it was his turn to trade with the great Indian Chief!

As the bugle blared and the company of the Fort assembled, did his thoughts go back to the


 Received at my residence of Cap^t
 Birmingham and at my residence at the residence of the
 a fort I love it to, I am sure you will be of
 y^r proposal of doing it at the residence of the
 properest place and so do with the frequent opportunity
 to find and receive letters. But in the residence of the
 town makes me dubious of writing but now I receive opportunity
 of the schoolmaster's coming on we don't stay long
 you go tonight and I am last for the night at the
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 came from y^r factory yesterday in order to go on discovery
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June 20 - 1719

Your Loving Friend
 Henry Kelsey Gov^r

LETTER FROM A HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY GOVERNOR.

He liked Indians. They liked him. So did everybody except the ones
 who said his adventures couldn't happen to anyone—but they did

(Courtesy Ottawa Archives)

1000

thrill of that first buffalo hunt with his Indian friends? Was he thinking of the horses clattering along in full chase? How he loved horses. Perhaps as he handed over a couple of hatchets, the new Governor pictured those arrows flying . . . could that sparkle in his eye be just a flash of pride as he remembered his aim had been as sure as the best! Or was it the thought of the happy-go-lucky urchin who started with the Company at less than fifteen cents a day, plus the two suits a year? Yes! "the boy" had come a long way.

This was different! Now on the day the bugle called and Governor Kelsey traded with the Indians, Henry wore red velvet and grand gold lace. The sun shone on a splendid sword which dangled at his side.

The records reveal the fact that the gentleman with the sword and the red velvet coat, more than once in the old days had climbed up and over the palisade; that one night he ran away from the Fort. Those same records do not tell in words how the boy of the London docks made good. They do show what he accomplished in deeds.

Today the Hudson's Bay Company is proud of the record of "the boy—Henry Kelsey."

The First White Woman to Settle In Western Canada

Over one hundred years ago the first white woman came to Western Canada to live. That was a long time ago. There were no roads, no houses, nor stores anywhere in the West. There were just prairie and mountain trails, tents, a few log cabins and some trading posts.

This white woman's name was Marie Anne Gaboury. A long name; but she married a man with a much longer one, Jean Baptiste Lajimodiere. In this story I shall just call her Marie Anne. It is much simpler.

Marie Anne was born in a small village in Quebec. After she grew up she kept house for an uncle, a Roman Catholic priest. She lived a very quiet life without much excitement. But one day something exciting did happen to Marie Anne! Jean Baptiste Lajimodiere came to visit in the village and fell in love with her, for she was quite pretty, with golden hair and very white skin. He was a handsome young French Canadian who loved adventure and had been living for five years among the Indians in Western Canada.

He and Marie Anne were married in the little village church in April, 1807. At first they thought they would live on a farm in Quebec. But when Spring came Jean Baptiste wanted to return to the North West. He loved the prairies, and the excitement of buffalo hunting with his Indian

1824



Catherine Lemaire



Joseph Lemaire

Grand-daughter of Marie Anne Gaboury, with her father, Joseph Lemaire. Photograph of the first painting made in Red River in 1824. Painted by a des Meuron soldier. Jean Mathey.

(Courtesy St. Boniface Museum)



companions. His wife had to make up her mind whether to go with him, or to stay in Quebec and wait for his return. It might be months, perhaps years before she saw him again. The brave woman decided to go with her husband on the long, hard journey.

The only way to travel to the West at that time was by canoe and on foot. Very long, wide canoes were used and were paddled by at least eighteen men. Supplies for the different forts scattered along the way to the North West had to be carried as well.

As soon as the rivers were free of ice, the Lajimodieres went to Lachine in Quebec. Here they joined a group of men who were taking a large number of laden canoes to Western Canada. The men were called voyageurs, and what a gay looking crowd they were! They wore corduroy trousers, bright colored shirts, red sashes as belts, and tied bright handkerchiefs around their heads for caps. When they started their long trip, and at the end of it, they always sang jolly river songs.

Think of the distance they had to travel! Down the Ottawa River into Lake Huron, then across Lake Superior where they had to paddle along the shore. From there to Rainy Lake and Rainy River, on to the Lake of the Woods and down the Winnipeg River into Lake Winnipeg. Across this lake to the Red River and on until they finally reached Fort Pembina. It was well over one thousand miles.

What a terrible trip for the young bride! She had to sit very still in the bottom of the canoe, with no protection from bright sun or heavy rain. Sometimes the men had to carry the canoes overland

from one river or lake to another. It took eight men to carry one canoe. Marie Anne had to tramp beside her husband over the rough trails.

After over a month of hard travelling the party arrived at Pembina and pitched their tents near the Fort. Later on Marie Anne and her husband moved to a log cabin inside the Fort. Here, the following January, their first child, a girl, was born. They lived in the Fort all winter. Then in the spring Marie Anne began a life of danger and hardship that was to last for twelve long years.

Each spring the Indians and some of the white settlers roamed the prairies hunting buffalo. This was the only meat they could get. There were no cows nor sheep in the country then. Marie Anne went with her husband and other hunters through Manitoba and Saskatchewan following the buffalo. She could take very little with her, just food for a few days and some blankets. She carried her baby in a moss-bag just as the Indian women did, not an ordinary bag, but one made of skins and birch bark. This could be strapped on her back or fastened to her saddle and hung on one side of her horse.

Marie Anne spent almost every summer on the great stretches of prairie. Sometimes she had to be left alone while her husband hunted, or while he went to look for their wandering horses. Several times she had very frightening adventures.

Once when her husband was away trying to find their horses, a band of savage Sarcree Indians came by. They were on the war path, going to punish some Cree Indians for killing several of their



Indian Moss Bag such as used to carry a papoose. Being examined by the Curator of the Manitoba Museum, Mr. Norris-Ely.

(Courtesy Manitoba Museum)



own braves. Dressed in their war costumes with feathered head dress, with their faces hideously painted, they were a terrifying sight. You can imagine how frightened Marie Anne would be for herself and her children. She could not understand the Indian language, and they could not speak English.

By making signs, the Sarcee Chief asked where her husband was. She made him understand that he was away looking for their horses. The Chief motioned that they would wait until her husband returned, and they settled down around the camp. To keep the Indians quiet, Marie Anne gave them all her husband's store of tobacco. She also boiled all the fresh meat in the camp and gave it to them.

In the late afternoon her husband returned. When he saw the Indians he was afraid his wife and children had been killed. After finding them safe, Jean Baptiste talked to the Indians in their own language. He told the Chief he would take his family and camp somewhere else. The Chief replied, "Oh no!, you stay here. We send five men to Fort for help. If they come back, we let you go. If they not come back, we hold you and your squaw." Then Jean Baptiste said his wife was ill and would like to go where she would be quiet. The chief allowed them to camp a little distance away near a clump of trees.

That night Jean Baptiste waited until he was sure all the Indians were asleep, then stole quietly away with his family. They had to ride very fast all that night, all the next day, and for several days and nights. They didn't dare stop for long anywhere.

along the way to eat the small amount of food they had with them.

Furious at being fooled, the Indians followed hard on the heels of the fleeing family. After five days of rough travelling, Marie Anne and her husband managed to reach the Saskatchewan River. They found themselves just across from Fort Saskatchewan. The people in the Fort saw them and rushed their canoes across to rescue them just in the nick of time. As their canoes returned to the shore by the Fort, the Sarcee Indians arrived on the opposite side of the river. But Marie Anne and her family were safe. She stayed in the Fort for the rest of the summer while her husband went off again, buffalo hunting.

Twice Marie Anne nearly lost one of her children because the Indians wanted them. They did not mean any harm, but they had never before seen people with such white skin and fair hair as these children and their mother had. They thought they would like to have them to play with their own dark-skinned little ones.

Once when they were in Manitoba, a squaw stole into the Lajimodiere cabin and carried off Marie Anne's little boy. Luckily the mother saw her and ran after her. She took the baby away from the Indian woman who said she only wanted him to play with her children.

Another time the Chief of the Assiniboine tribe of Indians offered to buy Marie Anne's second little boy. He brought his finest horse to give in exchange for the boy. When the mother refused he thought she just wanted something more. He

brought up several more horses, and when she again refused, he offered her one of his own children as well. Marie Anne called her husband and told him to say to the Chief that she would not trade her child for anything on earth. Then catching up the little boy she rushed into her cabin, crying bitterly. The Indian seemed sorry he had made her cry, and left the camp with his horses and people.

You must not think that all Marie Anne's life on the prairies was hard and unhappy. Several winters she spent in Hudson Bay forts and had a comfortable and happy time, with her family about her. Her husband had carried his violin with him all the way from Eastern Canada. He played it often at the simple dances they had in the forts, and for his family in their own cabin. If you are ever in St. Boniface Museum, you can see that violin. It is broken and some of the strings are gone, but it is kept in a case with Jean Baptiste's sword given him by Lord Selkirk.

Once Marie Anne lost her husband for nearly a year. It was after the Selkirk settlers came to Canada in 1812. Between the two Fur Trading Companies and the half-breeds, the Selkirk settlers were having a bad time. Lord Selkirk had brought them to the North West and he was away in Montreal. Someone had to carry a message to him that his settlers needed help. Marie Anne's husband said he would go. He left his wife and children at Fort Douglas in Manitoba. On his return journey he was captured by Indians and taken to Fort William.

While her husband was away, Marie Anne heard that Fort Douglas was to be attacked by one of the

enemy fur trading companies. Luckily she and her husband had a good friend among the Indians, Peguis, Chief of the Saulteux Tribe. He took her and her children to his camp on the opposite side of the river from the Fort and kept them there until Marie Anne's husband returned.

It wasn't a very comfortable life. They had very little besides fish to eat. You can imagine Marie Anne's joy when her husband appeared quite suddenly one day in front of her little cabin.

Once again she and her family took up their old life, in summer roaming the prairies, in winter living in one of the forts. Sometimes she longed for her old home and her own people. But she loved her husband and had her little family about her. She didn't let anything break her courage.

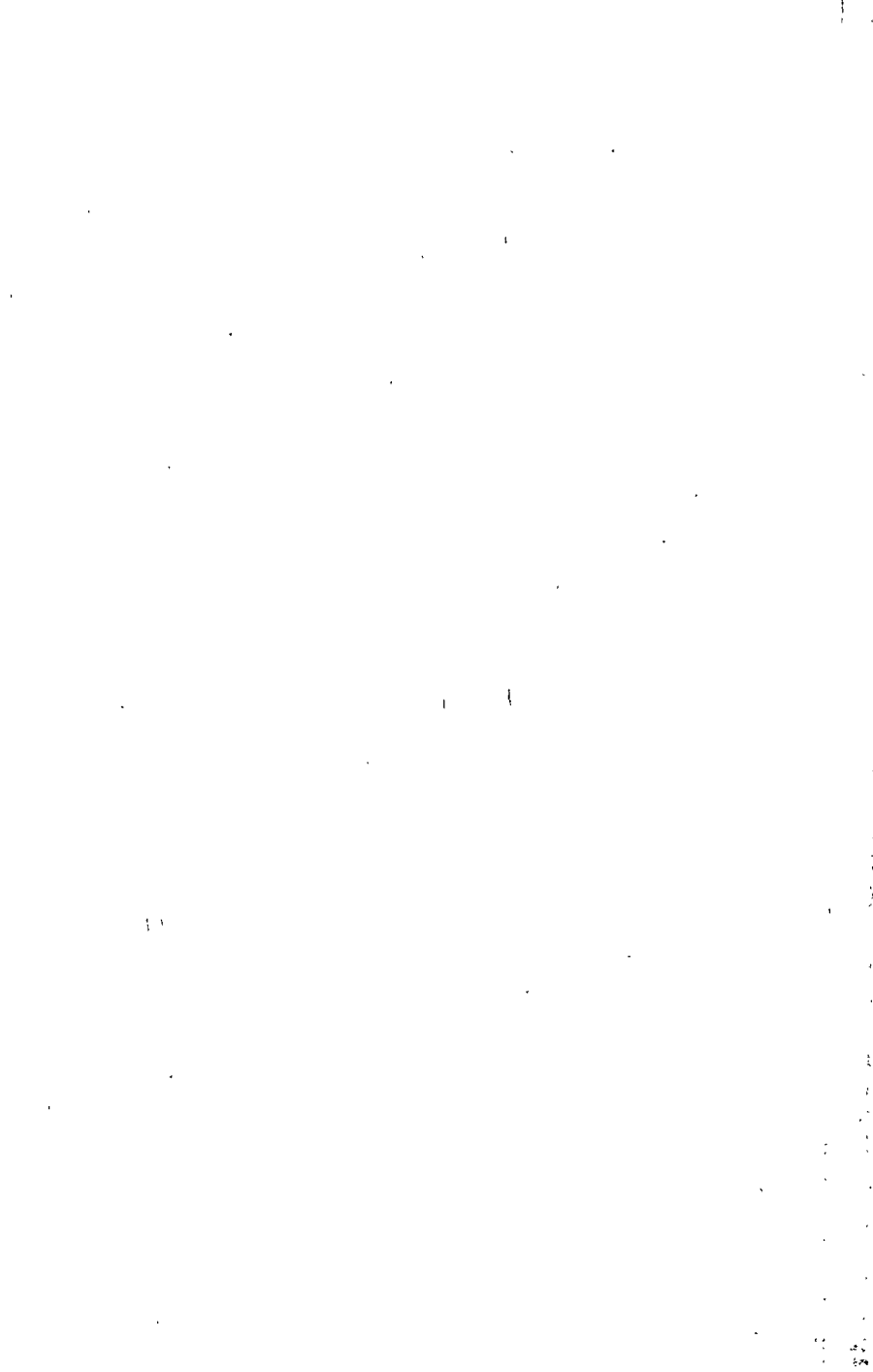
After her family was grown up, Marie Anne's husband died and she went to live with a son, Benjamin, who had a home just outside of St. Boniface in Manitoba. So the last years of her life were spent in a comfortable home and she was happy. She was a very old woman when she died, nearly one hundred years old.

A stone in memory of this brave woman and her equally brave and loyal husband has been built in front of St. Boniface Cathedral. It helps us to remember the story of these two splendid people who were among the first courageous group to help settle Western Canada.



Indians in War Regalia.

(Courtesy of Hudson's Bay Company, Ltd.)



Massacre Island

When we're making our camping plans this year let's think what happened near people's wharves and verandahs one summer long ago.

Instead of sleeping in a boathouse or on the wide porch where the "extras" sleep, over the weekends, how would you like to find yourself in a fort? Yes, I said fort! And at one time young people like you did live in forts, but not just for fun! They were working. Those young French explorers from Eastern Canada weren't just summer-holidaying. You remember them, the La Verendrye boys! You've read how they paddled through the Lake of the Woods long before there were any boathouses or comfortable verandahs on the the islands round-about.

First of all let us see what happened in 1908 about their Massacre Island in the Lake of the Woods. That gruesome name has a story behind it. Let us go along with a group of men that were tramping through the woods on the mainland near Massacre Island that summer. They seemed discouraged.

"No use," said one of them; "another summer's work for nothing!"

The man ahead of him on the trail called back, "Yes, this is 1908 . . . four summers now we've searched . . . and no luck."

"Might as well give it up, I say!" grumbled another. This one had hurt his foot.

"For now, anyway," his pal agreed.

In silence through the brushwood they trudged towards the canoes.

Four summers! A long time. No wonder they were discouraged. An older man halted to light his pipe. Glumly he threw his pick down.

Suddenly his face changed. His eyes lit up. "Did you hear that?" he shouted.

No answer. Seizing his pick he pounded the ground. "That sound," he called to the others. "Don't you hear it?"

No one spoke as he pounded but every man clutched his pick-axe. At last! . . . At last! That hollow sound the earth made when the searcher had thrown down his pick could mean only one thing. *The ground was not solid.* What was underneath?

Dig! Dig! Pick! Pick! Not a man of them was weary any longer. Hope had given them new strength. This time for sure they had found it. They dug furiously.

Why were they so eager? What had they been searching for, for four weary years? Why did it mean so much to them?

It meant everything to these people because they were trying to honor men who had been brave, men who had been forgotten, men who had died in the struggle to do something big. These men were searching for a fort! Now after four years of determined effort these searchers were feverishly unearthing the ruins of the old wooden building they were seeking. It was buried under brush and trees. But the long search was ended. Longlost Fort St. Charles was discovered! So were 21 skeletons. At last the world would know!

Before leaving the place, these 20th century explorers reverently erected a cross fifteen feet high on the site of the newly found Fort St. Charles. Soon after that day in 1908 the find was "front-page" news . . . all about the forgotten men!

Now let us go back 200 years, to clear up the mystery of those who had been forgotten. Well, almost forgotten!

As we said, two hundred years ago people lived in the old Fort. Pierre la Verendrye was one of them. Food for the Fort was low. Explorers need food, so someone had to hustle it along. One day in June several canoes were loaded for the trip to fetch the food. The one in charge of the loading was Jean-Baptiste, La Verendrye's eldest son, the twenty-year-old. There was also a young French priest, Father Aulneau, who earlier that year had come from Eastern Canada to live at the Fort. He decided to go too. With nineteen other young Frenchmen they set out from Fort St. Charles.

We know all this because Pierre La Verendrye, Jean's father, kept very careful notes in his big diary. Each day's happenings were set down. His worries too were written in. One page said that rumors had reached him that Sioux canoes were on the Lake.

Now Sioux canoes on the Lake of the Woods seem natural enough, but these Sioux Indians were on the warpath! They were anxious to get even with certain Frenchmen who had given guns to an enemy tribe. It worried Jean's father to think of

the boys starting off on such a long journey for the supplies but he kept his fears to himself and the party paddled away towards Lake Huron. Before night came down, these canoemen camped on an island twenty miles from the Fort. After covering their first twenty miles of the trip . . . with no thought of danger, these men on the island settled for the night. But they had been seen!

Stealthily the Sioux made their way towards them, cat-creeping through the tangle of trees, to the camp where the men from the Fort lay sleeping. Without warning . . . as the men slept, death was dealt, in its grimmest form! Heads were scalped! Heads were torn from their bodies. Indians can be cruel. All were slain! Two heads were never found . . . the heads of Jean-Baptiste and Father Aulneau the young French priest.

Two weeks later on a sunny day in July, some of the other Frenchmen with the Cree Indians from the Fort chanced to visit that island. Imagine their horror at the scene! Twenty-one bodies,—tortured and torn! *Their friends.*

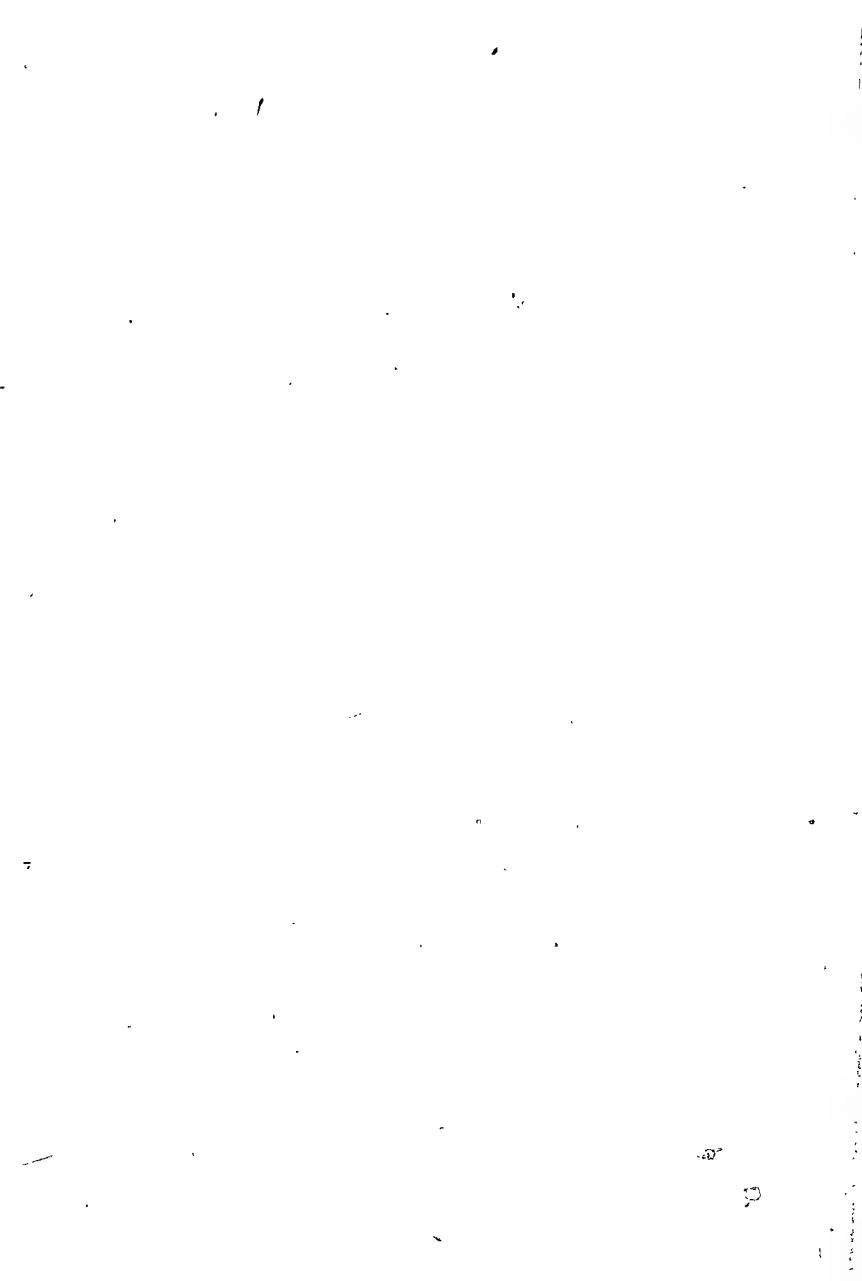
Sadly the men from Fort St. Charles gathered the remains of those twenty-one victims and placed them under a cairn, or heap of heavy stones, to mark the place. On his map, grimly, Pierre la Verendrye marked this spot in the Lake of the Woods; "Massacre Island." To him it would always be the place where his eldest son was murdered. Massacre Island!

Here La Verendrye buried his loved eldest son.

Two months later, in September, the bodies were carefully moved. The mound of stones was



Old Sign-Board at Fort St. Charles



lifted, one by one. The twenty-one bodies were taken away from the island to be more safely buried at Fort St. Charles on the mainland.

Time passed! Nearly two hundred years went by! The Fort disappeared in the underbrush. It seemed as if no one cared.

However, people did care. After the turn of the century summer after summer until 1908 people searched for the Fort. Finally they found it. But now all that is left is the fifteen-foot spruce wood cross they set. It reads, "Fort St. Charles. Founded 1732. Refound 1908."

Today where the old Fort stood you can still see "punky" brown chunks of the logs of the old building. Deep in the holes and ditches where the searchers dug, those log chunks are still there . . . That is all! For safe-keeping the discoverers that set up the cross brought away the skeletons and the skulls. They were placed in a third resting place . . . in the La Verendrye casket in the Museum of St. Boniface College.

But not for long.

One freezing November night, the College in St. Boniface caught fire. Ten students lost their lives. Father Stormont was burned to death trying to save the boys. That Monday morning roll-call of the College was a heart-breaking experience. Over and over a name would be called. The boy was not there to answer.

The college too, was gone . . . Museum and all. In the confusion, the La Verendrye casket was destroyed. Only a small part of its precious contents was recovered.

Who says Adventure is a thing of the past?

Not a bit of it! Some day, in Winnipeg, jump on a bus and make for St. Boniface and see for yourself. In the Museum there, now below the Cathedral, there's Adventure galore if you've a mind for it. Use your imagination! The place is full of thrills and reminders of heroic deeds of the past.

Poke about till you see two glass-covered cases in a secluded corner. You'll find them on a table. Actually these cases are flat wooden boxes about six inches deep and a couple of feet square . . . but in those boxes, all higgledy-piggledy rests a heap of human bones. Just a pile of bones. All queer colors.

It's not gruesome. See the feathery maiden-hair fern and the tiny pink blossoms on the white crepe paper that lines the sides of the two glass-covered cases. Above all . . . know those scorched bones are important. What you see is all that is left of the contents of the La Verendrye casket. Four times they've been moved! Are they never to rest in peace?

These bones are a vivid reminder of the story of Fort St. Charles and those exciting trail-blazers, those fine young French 'Canadians, the first to paddle through our lovely Lake of the Woods.



Fort Douglas in the distance. From a sketch made by Peter Rindisbacher in 1822.

(Courtesy Ottawa Archives)



Cuthbert Grant, Warden of the Plains

To-day when people talk about Cuthbert Grant, they remember him as the man who caused the battle of Seven Oaks. He did lead the half-breeds and others at the time of the Seven Oaks battle. That is one of the bad things he did. But he also did some good things for Western Canada and I want to tell you about these as well. Many people, today, think he was one of the greatest of the half-breeds who lived on the prairies in the early days.

His father, who was also named Cuthbert Grant, was one of the head men in the North West Trading Company. His mother was a Cree Indian, but we do not know her name.

Cuthbert Grant, junior, was born on the prairies in 1793, over one hundred years ago. There were no schools in Western Canada then, but the North West Company saw to it that Cuthbert Grant learned reading and writing. Later on an uncle sent him to school in Montreal.

When his schooling in Montreal was finished, Cuthbert Grant returned to Manitoba and became a clerk in the North West Company. He was a tall, strongly built young man and fine looking. He had a nice manner and was liked by everyone who knew him. The half-breeds thought him a great, likeable fellow, and he became quite a leader among them.

Now there were two fur trading companies in Western Canada in those very early days, the

Hudson's Bay Company and the North West Company. Each Company thought it had the right to most of the fur trading in the country, so they were always quarrelling.

One time the North West Company would seize a fort belonging to the Hudson's Bay, or canoes laden with furs. Then the Hudson's Bay Company would recapture the fort and perhaps some of the North West Company's men. And so trouble went on for years, fighting, fighting all the time!

In 1812 another party was added to all this quarrelling. The Selkirk Settlers were brought out from Scotland and placed on farms along the Red River, where Kildonan and Selkirk are now.

This enraged the North West Company. They were afraid white settlers in the country would upset their trade in furs, and so they made as much trouble as they could for the poor people. In fact, they made up their minds to drive the Selkirk Settlers out of the country.

The Hudson's Bay Company, on the other hand, made friends with these new settlers and helped them in many ways. They allowed the governor of the Selkirk Settlers to live in Fort Douglas, a fort that stood north of where the Royal Alexandra Hotel in Winnipeg is to-day. The settlers looked to the fort and to the Hudson's Bay Company to protect them against the North West Company.

One of the forts in Eastern Canada belonging to the North West Company was Fort William. All the supplies for the company in the west had to come from Fort William and pass near Fort Douglas.



Robert Semple.

(Courtesy Ottawa Archives)



This meant that the Hudson's Bay often seized many of their canoes laden with supplies.

It was at a time when the North West Company was expecting a very large cargo of supplies, that the battle of Seven Oaks took place. Cuthbert Grant had been made Captain-General of all the half-breeds who were friendly to the company. He was ordered to take a large number of half-breeds and go to the Red River to meet the canoes from Fort William. They were to try and keep out of sight of Fort Douglas, and just protect the supplies when they were landed.

Now it happened that a boy who was on watch in the tower of Fort Douglas saw the half-breeds galloping across the prairie towards the river. He at once told the head of the Selkirk Settlers, Governor Robert Semple. The Governor took a few men from the fort and went out to meet Cuthbert Grant and his followers. They marched down what is now Main Street and met the North West Company's men on the east side of the street. There is a monument standing there to-day marking the spot where the battle was fought. You should try to see it when in Winnipeg.

Unluckily, just as the two Companies met, a shot was fired by someone and one of the men from the Fort was badly wounded. At once everything was in an uproar. Cuthbert Grant could not control his angry half-breed followers, and a regular battle took place.

Governor Semple was killed and his men overcome by the larger force belonging to the North West Company. Cuthbert Grant captured Fort

Douglas, and later on the head of the North West Company moved with his followers to this fort.

The battle of Seven Oaks was a sad mistake on the part of the North West Company, and it seems as though Cuthbert Grant felt sorry about it. He afterwards tried to help the Selkirk Settlers as much as he could. He made a list of all their possessions in Fort Douglas so that they might be claimed later. This list was given to the man who took Governor Semple's place as head of the settlers, Miles MacDonnell. Grant also sent some of his own men to protect the Selkirk Settlers as they left their homes and went down the Red River in canoes to new homes on Lake Winnipeg.

In one of the many fights with the Hudson's Bay Company and other settlers, Cuthbert Grant was taken prisoner. He was sent to Montreal where he was tried for murder and for stealing. He was found not guilty, however, and allowed to go free. He at once returned to Manitoba and began a different kind of life. It is now we learn about some of the good things he did for the province.

In 1821 the two fur trading companies in the West joined forces and carried on under the name of the Hudson's Bay Company.

The Governor of the Hudson's Bay at that time was Sir George Simpson. He knew Cuthbert Grant to be a clever man and a leader among the half-breeds. So he asked Grant to work for the Hudson's Bay Company.

When Cuthbert Grant entered the service of the Hudson's Bay Company, Governor Simpson made him a special constable, or policeman. This



Seven Oaks Monument, Winnipeg.

(Courtesy Ottawa Archives)



angered the Selkirk Settlers very much. They blamed Grant for the Seven Oaks battle and for the loss of Fort Douglas. They made things so hard for him that at last he had to give up this work.

Cuthbert Grant bought a large piece of land about twelve miles from Fort Garry at a place called White Horse Plains. Here he started farming. As long as he lived, his own farming settlement was called Grantown. To-day it is known as St. Francis Xavier.

There were a great many half-breeds and Indians on the White Horse Plains and Cuthbert Grant helped them and gave them good advice. He taught them how to farm and to make good carts. They became known as the best cart-builders in the whole settlement. He also helped them when they were ill. He had learned something about medicine when at school in Montreal, and was the first man to practice medicine on the Western Plains.

When the Sioux Indians attacked the Red River settlers, Cuthbert Grant got his half-breed followers to help protect the settlers.

All this time, Sir George Simpson was still a good friend of Cuthbert Grant, and he managed at last to get him back into the Hudson's Bay Company service. Grant was put in charge of all freighting of supplies between the Red River settlement and Norway House, north of Lake Winnipeg. He did so well at this job, that he was later made Warden of the Plains.

A Warden was a kind of policeman. His special work was to watch the fur traders on the plains and to make sure they had permission to trade. If

it was found they had no right to trade, they were arrested. Cuthbert Grant had to ride all over the plains, and this often meant hard, dangerous traveling, as there were no good roads. For this work he was paid £200 or \$1,000 a year. That seems very little money for such a big job, but in early days it was thought to be very good pay.

Cuthbert Grant built the first water mill in Manitoba. In September, 1829, he built a dam of two hundred and forty feet at Sturgeon Creek. The dam was finished before the winter began, and later on the mill was built, as well as stores for holding grain. For some reason this mill was not a great success and after running for three years, it was torn down.

The Hudson's Bay Company raised Cuthbert Grant from a constable to a sheriff. That is a higher kind of policeman. He had greater powers over the whole of the Red River Settlement. He did so well at this job that he was made member of the Council of Assiniboia, a group of men who looked after all the business of the whole of Manitoba.

When Cuthbert Grant died he was buried in St. Francis Xavier. Until a few years ago, remains of the old church near his burial place were still standing, and there were traces of his own house to be seen.



BARK TALKING.

A new alphabet is invented. No spelling required.

(Courtesy Fleming H. Revell Company, N.Y.)



Birch Bark Bibles

The Birch Bark Bibles are not nailed on to the trees in Saskatchewan though the queer shaped Bible symbols are there along some of the roadways. Tourists say there are some near Dana on Number Two Highway. If you motor that way see if you can find one of these odd signs. Sometimes small boys move the sign-boards but they wouldn't if they could read them because then they would know how important these notices are. It's the way the Government sends messages to the Indians.

The Indians know what the queer shaped markings on the sign-board mean, because this alphabet was made specially for the Crees by a man named James Evans who planned it a hundred years ago. He was a minister and at first he translated the Bible into the Cree for them. But Evans wanted the Indians to read the Old, Old Story for themselves instead of always listening to someone else tell it, so he planned this Cree shorthand. Later this system was considered such a wonderful invention that everyone heard what James Evans had done at Norway House in Northern Manitoba.

In time his alphabet of syllables was used all over the world. As he whittled away with his jack-knife making the wooden symbols for his alphabet, this young minister never could have dreamed that this alphabet would be used as far away as Thibet, India and the Philippines. In the Arctic Circle murder notices have been posted in these simple signs for all to see. The Eskimos use them for reading and writing in their snow igloos.

The inventor was born in England at Kingston-upon-Hull, in 1801. His father was a sailor, a captain in the Merchant Marine. Naturally, young James had dreams of being a sailor too. Father didn't think so much of the idea. To cure Jamie of the glamour of the sea he took the lad with him for two voyages at a season when he knew it would be stormy weather. James was eight years old at the time.

After these two trips young Evans changed his mind about being a sailor. His next important step was learning the grocery business. One day he heard a famous Irish evangelist preach. This experience influenced his whole life.

About this time the Evans family came to Canada: to Lower Canada or what we now call Quebec. The boy followed shortly after and made up his mind to start teaching school. Then the young teacher fell in love with one of his pupils and soon they were married. It was when they were moved to Ontario that he made his great decision to give up teaching and become a missionary. This meant a life of drudgery and real privation as the Indians he would work among were a wild lot in those early days.

Already he was getting to know and like them and while he was still a teacher he taught the Ojibway Indians around Rice Lake. To-day Rice Lake, a few miles north of Cobourg, is a popular Ontario summer resort, but when James Evans and his young wife lived there it was wild country. No cottage electric lights, not even coal-oil lamps; no icebox, and certainly Mrs. Evans did not buy canned goods at



Tablet on Cairn at Rossville.

(Courtesy Hudson's Bay Company)



the store in the village nearby. A visitor at their home said the only food they had when he was there was flour. For supper they had pancakes made with fish-spawn and this flour.

After they had been at Rice Lake a couple of years Evans became a minister. Then his real work began. He had to look after the whole Cavan district which covered seventeen different places.

In what he called his "spare time" he translated eighteen chapters of the Book of Genesis and twenty Psalms into the Ojibway language. This young minister was such an example to people everywhere that he was always being moved from one place to another to be able to help more and more people.

On he went, to Port Credit, to Hamilton and then to St. Clair where he had a pretty hard time as the Indians there drank heavily of fire water. About this time he went to New York to look after the printing of his translations. Before he left there to come home he wrote a letter to his wife. In it he said . . .

"I'm as poor as a church mouse but look to richer days. I've been economical and for a very good reason, as I was seven or eight weeks with not twenty-five cents to spend.

"Let Clarissa oil the joints on her left hand eleven times a day or so that they may be limber to beat me at playing the accordian.

"P.S.—You must keep a good fire as I shall come creeping home some evening, very cold."

There was also more than a dash of reckless daring about this young minister. One spring he

was in Toronto on church matters. He had bought a lot of supplies in Toronto, or "Muddy York" as he called it. When he got as far as London on his way home to Sarnia he found that the river Thames there was in flood. The minister was in a hurry to get home. He built a raft for himself, and with his purchases piled high he set off on the rampaging spring flood. How he escaped destruction is a miracle but he arrived home in triumph with all his goods. Those stormy voyages at sea may have helped his navigation.

With all his adventurous spirit James Evans loved his home. Little messages in his letters to his wife tell the story. Here is one dated July 1, 1838—"Kiss each other for me . . .

And when I come back
Which will be in a crack
You'll each have a smack."

Two years later we find him at Norway House. It was there in the North, when building the Mission village at Rossville on Playgreen Lake, that he showed what could really be done in a hurry if need be. He tells about it in another letter:—"The timber of the Rossville church was all growing in the wood on Tuesday last, and the building was completed this Saturday evening." Just in time for church.

His reputation as a hustler grew with every month. His dogs for sleigh work were among the finest and his canoe paddlers the swiftest. He refused to travel anywhere on Sunday and yet with this day lost Evans would arrive first at the destination. Naturally this caused some jealousy.



AN ESKIMO HUNTER.

He was flown from Suglo near the Hudson Straits. His nurse in St. Boniface Hospital is interested in his syllabic book. He shows her how the bark talked.

(Courtesy The Winnipeg Tribune)



In his shining tin canoe which the Indians called "The Island of Light" he travelled hundreds of miles. His missionary work took him far through the North to the places so familiar to us all today;—Oxford House, Nelson House, Moose Lake, Cumberland House and away into Athabasca to Lesser Slave Lake and other distant places.

In less than a year after arriving at Norway House, besides all this strenuous work, he had planned and perfected his Indian "syllable" alphabet. Then came the lessons. At first with the Indians gathered around him, the minister in his fringed leather coat would flatten out some birch bark and with the pointed end of a charred stick he would scratch the simple syllable signs on the birch bark for them to read.

To a man of his imagination this seemed too feeble a method. It was too slow. How could he spread his teaching? If only it was printed it would reach everyone. He had no printing press, no type and practically no paper. But James Evans wasn't the man to be stopped by things like that.

"Why not use soot from the chimneys for ink?" he thought. Of course! And for paper, birch bark would do. For a printing press he hauled out an old Hudson's Bay Company fur press that was used for baling pelts. Then he started whittling his type from the oak trees roundabout.

The Indians were anxious to learn so they helped the young minister.

Birch bark was collected by the eager pupils. They brought the best pieces they could find. This "talking" birch fascinated them.

Mrs. Evans was in it too. She set the wooden type and there at Norway House a hundred years ago, together they printed five thousand pages in four months.

At first a hymn! "Jesus my all to Heaven is gone" was the one he chose. Then a hymn book was printed. The birch bark Hymn Book, complete with its deer skin cover, consisted of sixteen pages. A hundred copies of these were made. That meant a lot of whittling! Later he made moulds and cast his type from the lead linings of tea chests and the lead of old bullets.

Evans was so proud of those first little books. They were just the right size to fit into a coat pocket.

Today only one of those little skin covered volumes can be found, and it is readable!. This treasure is stored in a vault in the Victoria College Museum in Toronto. With it is a little metal container with glass ends. Through the glass you can see some small rectangular pieces of lead. On each bit of lead is a raised syllable sign, or symbol. These are the bits of lead type used in printing the bark Hymn Book, the very same ones made from the bullets and the lead of the tea chests.

In the little frame church on the hillside at Norway House Sunday after Sunday the Scriptures are read to the Indians in their own tongue. The young ministers to-day learn how to do this at United College in Winnipeg. The hymns are sung, too, by the Indians. Their syllabic Hymn Books now have expanded to two hundred pages.



SHOEING THE DOGS.

James Evans' dogs were the swiftest. And they liked the funny mittens without thumbs that were tied on their feet with strips of deerskin.

(Courtesy Fleming H. Revell Company, N.Y.)



James Evans, the inventor, died November 23, 1846. A simple cairn on the shore of Playgreen Lake marks his memory. The tablet reads—"He Brought the Light".

The Indians have their own way of telling it. They say, "James Evans was the man who made birch bark talk."

A SAMPLE FROM JAMES EVANS'
CREE SPELLING BOOK

ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ
ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ
ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ
ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ
ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ
ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ
ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ
ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ
ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ
ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ	ΔΔ

1841

Paul Kane's First Buffalo Hunt

Paul Kane was one of the first artists to draw and paint the Indians and buffalo on our Western prairies.

In 1819 Paul was brought from Ireland by his father and the family settled in Canada at Little York, now known as Toronto, Ontario. Little York was then only a small village made up of a number of white people and a great many Indians. Paul Kane, even as a boy, found these Indians very friendly and he tried to make drawings of them.

When he was a young man, Paul made up his mind he wanted to be an artist. He went to Europe and studied for four years, then returned to Canada and began sketching the Indians about Little York. He heard many exciting stories of the wonderful buffalo hunts held every spring and summer on the prairies by Indians of Western Canada. He felt that was the place for him to get the best pictures, and made plans to travel to the wild west.

Luckily for us, Paul Kane kept a diary or story of his trip through Canada. From it we learn about his dangerous travels and about his paintings. In May, 1846, he left Toronto with a group of people led by Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson's Bay Company.

After a long and sometimes dangerous trip, the party reached Fort Garry on the Red River, now known as Winnipeg. The Fort was then the headquarters of the Hudson's Bay Company in Manitoba.



Portrait of Paul Kane with Indian Relics.

(Courtesy Hudson's Bay Company)



All that is left of it to-day is the main gate standing in a small park near the Fort Garry Hotel in Winnipeg. It is an interesting place to see when you are in the city.

At Fort Garry, Paul Kane learned that a band of Indians and half-breeds had just left on a buffalo hunt. At once he bought a saddle horse, a cart to carry his tent and other things, and with a guide started after the hunters. He caught up with them after two days travelling, and found them camped on the prairie. There were about two hundred men besides women and children, and ever so many dogs.

The Indians always held a feast in camp for three days before a big buffalo hunt. During that time they tried out the strength of the young Indians who had not been on a buffalo hunt before. If the young braves failed in these trials, they were not allowed to take part in the hunt. After the feast was over the hunters moved on over the prairie searching for buffalo, but it was many days before they found any.

Among the hunters there was a half-breed, named Hallett, who had taken a great liking to Paul Kane. Very early one morning, this half-breed wakened Paul and whispered: "You get up and come with me. We'll find buffalo before the others." Paul dressed quickly, saddled his horse quietly, and away the two men rode.

About six miles from camp they saw in the distance, a large herd of buffalo feeding. Paul Kane was terribly excited over his first sight of these huge animals, and called to his companion.

"Let us attack them right away and not wait for the others".

"No," replied Hallett, "the law of the tribe is that we must wait for the whole band of hunters. I just wanted you to be the first to see the buffalo".

They hid behind a hill and watched the animals feeding. In about an hour the rest of the hunters came up and everyone got ready for the hunt. Paul Kane's diary tells about the hunters' preparations:

"Every man loaded his gun and examined his saddle girths. Each hunter filled his mouth with balls which he dropped into his gun without any wad-pads. This helped him to load his gun whilst his horse was going full speed. It was true the gun was more likely to burst, but they didn't seem to mind. Nor did the gun carry so far or so true, but this did not matter, as they always fire quite close to the animal."

When everything was ready, the hunters walked their horses slowly towards the herd. As soon as the buffalo caught sight of the men, they galloped off in the opposite direction. The hunters whipped their horses to a gallop and in a few minutes they were right in the middle of the herd.

It was all terribly exciting to Paul Kane! I'll let you read how he describes the hunt in his diary:

"The huge bulls thundered over the plains in headlong flight, while the fearless hunters rode recklessly in their midst, keeping up a constant fire at but a few yards from their

victims. Upon the fall of a buffalo, the hunter threw down some part of his clothing on the animal in order to claim him later, then rushed on to another . . . Coming up to a large buffalo, I had the luck to bring him down with my first fire. I threw down my cap and galloped on and soon put a bullet through another big one. He did not fall, however, but stopped and faced me, pawing the earth, bellowing and glaring at me. The position in which he stood was so fine that I could not resist trying to make a sketch. I dismounted and had just started, when the bull made a dash at me. I hardly had time to spring on my horse and get away, leaving my gun and everything else behind”.

Paul Kane was a pretty brave young man, but it was foolish of him to dismount as he had been warned never to get off his horse while hunting buffalo. He might have been killed. However, after the buffalo had pawed over Paul's things, he turned and made off towards the rest of the herd. Paul picked up his gun and drawing things and galloped after the animal. He managed to shoot him again, and this time the buffalo stayed on his feet long enough to let Paul Kane make a quick sketch.

That was Paul Kane's first drawing of a buffalo and was afterwards made into a painting. He made many drawings afterwards, but that was the one that always held exciting memories for him.

Paul Kane travelled right through Canada in those long ago days. Across the prairies, over the Rocky Mountains, and on to Vancouver Island

where there was a Hudson's Bay fort. He drew and painted Indian chiefs, squaws and their papooses, many lines of canoes travelling on the rivers, and several buffalo hunts. They are among the finest pictures we have of the Indians who lived in Canada long ago.

Some of these pictures hang in the National Gallery in Ottawa and some of earliest sketches are just now in Winnipeg. There are a number of grandchildren of Paul Kane living in Western Canada, and one grandson whose name is also Paul Kane, lives in Winnipeg. He has the very first sketches made by his grandfather.

In the museum in Winnipeg there is a collection of Indian relics gathered by Paul Kane. They have been given to the museum and are well worth seeing.



Indian drum and Indian costumes in the Paul Kane collection of relics,
at the Manitoba Museum, Winnipeg.

(Courtesy Manitoba Museum)



The Hero of the Metis

LOUIS RIEL

Louis David Riel is still a great hero to the French Canadians of Manitoba. They have erected a stone to his memory on the grounds in front of St. Boniface Cathedral. In their museum they treasure the bridle and stirrups used by him when riding about the country. There also is the wooden box in which his body was shipped from Regina to St. Boniface in 1885.

Louis Riel was born in St. Boniface in 1844. His father, who was a French Canadian from Quebec, was called "The Miller of the Seine", because he ran a flour mill on the banks of the Seine River. His mother was the daughter of the first white woman who settled in Western Canada.

As a boy, Louis was quiet but friendly, and well liked by his chums. He was quick to learn and got on very well in his school studies. When he grew older, he became quite a leader among the St. Boniface boys. They had a great deal of fun and adventure together.

After Riel finished school Bishop Taché sent him to Montreal to attend college. There he grew to be a serious, very religious young man. In fact at one time he thought he would become a priest and naturally this pleased Bishop Taché. However, his father died just as Louis was finishing his college course and this changed his plans completely. After leaving Quebec, he went to St. Paul in the United States. He worked there for about two years,

learning to speak very well in both English and French. In 1869 he returned to his home in St. Boniface.

While Louis Riel was away from St. Boniface, his friends in Manitoba were having a great deal of trouble. The French and English half-breeds, Metis as they were called, had been living for years on land belonging to the Hudson's Bay Company. One day they heard that all this land was to be sold to the Dominion Government. All sorts of wrong stories were told about the settlement. One story said that the land on which they lived would be taken away from them. They became frightened about their future homes.

Men were sent out from Ottawa to make a new plan of the country for the government. When the Metis saw these men running the measuring lines through their farm lands, they became terribly excited and angry. No one told them that the men were just making a new map of the country for the Dominion Government. No one explained that the government would not take away their lands. And so trouble began! Fights took place between the Metis and the government men, and several people were killed.

When Louis Riel returned to his home, he heard and saw what was happening to his people. He felt they were being unfairly treated and that the government should have talked with his people. They should have told the Metis exactly what was being done.

Louis was just twenty-five years old at the time, a tall heavily built, fine looking, young man. He

was a good speaker in both French and English, and better educated than his companions. When he took part in the quarrel of his people, the Metis felt he was their natural leader. He would be able to take up their troubles with the government and have them settled.

Louis Riel had a real belief that the cause of his people was right. He said he didn't want to fight the Dominion Government. He just wanted to see that the Metis were fairly treated. He organized them into a small army and began training them. He kept strict order and allowed no drinking or rowdyism in the ranks. At the beginning of his leadership Louis showed cleverness and good judgment.

Very quickly the grumbling and discontent among the Metis grew into the serious rebellion of 1870. Louis Riel and his followers gained control of Fort Garry with its firearms and provisions. They formed what they called a Provisional Government. That meant a government that would last only until the Dominion Government and the Metis came to an understanding. Then the control of the whole settlement would be turned over to the Dominion Government.

Louis Riel and his men imprisoned a number of the chief people in the settlement and kept them in Fort Garry. They also took a group of men who were protecting government property and put them in Fort Garry jail. Later he promised to set free the chief men of the settlement, but allowed only two of these to leave the Fort. Stories were told that Riel was allowing some of the prisoners to be ill-

treated. This news somehow reached other prisoners, and a number of them managed to escape. Among them was a man named Thomas Scott.

The Dominion Government and the Metis might have settled their quarrel if Louis Riel had not made a terrible mistake at this time. After Thomas Scott was captured and brought back to Fort Garry, Riel had him executed. Scott was taken from his cell to the courtyard of the Fort and shot. Just why Louis Riel did this, no one has been able rightly to explain. There had been bad feeling between the two men, but that did not give him the right to have Thomas Scott killed.

This act of Riel's aroused furious anger among the people of Red River settlement and of Eastern Canada. Some of Louis' own men began to lose faith in him as a leader, and many English half-breeds deserted him. The Canadian Government at Ottawa felt it was time for them to take active part in the Red River Rebellion. They sent a regiment of soldiers under the command of Colonel Wolseley to put down the fighting.

Louis Riel was seated at breakfast in Fort Garry one August day in 1870 when word was brought to him that Colonel Wolseley had arrived in Red River and was on his way to the Fort. Riel knew that he and the few men with him could not hold out against a whole regiment. He decided to escape if he could.

He slipped quietly out of the Fort and made his way slowly up the Red River. He hid along the river at several places; first in an old shack at the foot of a treed lot in what is now Kingston Row in



Portrait of Louis Riel. Below are his stirrups, his bridle and the revolver given by relatives of Louis Riel to St. Boniface Museum.

(Courtesy St. Boniface Museum)



St. Vital; then at Vermette Point in St. Vital, near where the ferry now crosses. A sort of cradle was built under a hay stack and here he hid for several days. There was a large tree near this haystack, and ever since it has been called "Riel's Tree". Finally Riel arrived at St. Norbert where he lived for some time with Rev. Father Richot.

After the rebellion died down, Louis Riel returned to Red River, but later he was given a sum of money on condition that he leave the country. He went to Montreal where he lived for about ten years. From there he travelled to Montana in the United States and became a school teacher. He married while in Montana and seems to have been very happy.

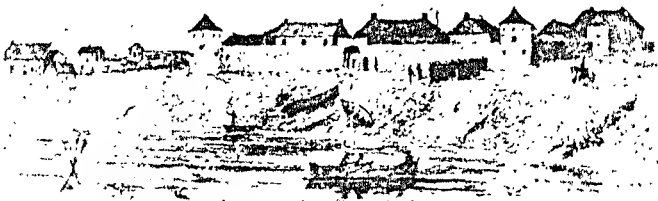
In 1884-1885 another rebellion broke out between Indians, half-breeds and the Canadian Government. This time it was in the prairie region now known as Saskatchewan. Some of Louis Riel's friends managed to coax him to return to Canada and lead the rebellion. This was the second bad mistake that Riel made. He was not the young, strong leader he had been in 1870. The long strain he had been through had weakened his body and his mind. Also, he was not as sure as in the first rebellion that his followers had faith in him. Altogether his leadership was weak and mistaken.

This rebellion came to an end with the defeat of the rebels and the arrest of Louis Riel. He was taken prisoner by Colonel Middleton at Batoche in Saskatchewan. They tried him in Regina, found him guilty of murder and of rousing the Indians to rebel. On August 1, 1885, Riel was sentenced to death.

This sentence brought angry letters from all over Canada, from England, the United States and even from France. However, after the carrying out of the sentence was delayed four times, Louis Riel was hanged at Regina on November 16, 1885.

In the early hours of the morning Riel was led to the scaffold. Father Andre walked with him, slowly chanting the Lord's Prayer, and in front of them Father McWilliams led the way bearing candles to light the darkness. Louis Riel was calm and full of courage. He met his death while quietly repeating a prayer.

So closed the exciting but sad life of Louis David Riel.



Fort Garry in 1870.

The fort which Louis Riel abandoned in 1870 and from which he escaped.

(Courtesy Hudson's Bay Company)



The Countess Made a Bull's Eye

Everyone knows that sturdy little engine bedecked with boxes of flowers! It stands in the grass square outside the Winnipeg Canadian Pacific Railway station.

If "iron horses" could snort, that same little train engine, called the "Countess of Dufferin" must once have pouted and puffed and nearly snorted itself to bits! Seventy years ago the real Countess was here, yet she didn't drive it on its first run. The engine wasn't ready.

The real Countess came to Canada in 1872 with her husband Lord Dufferin, the newly appointed Governor-General. To welcome them on a lovely June morning, people filled the streets at Quebec. A salute was fired from the Citadel in their honor as the Dufferins stepped on shore.

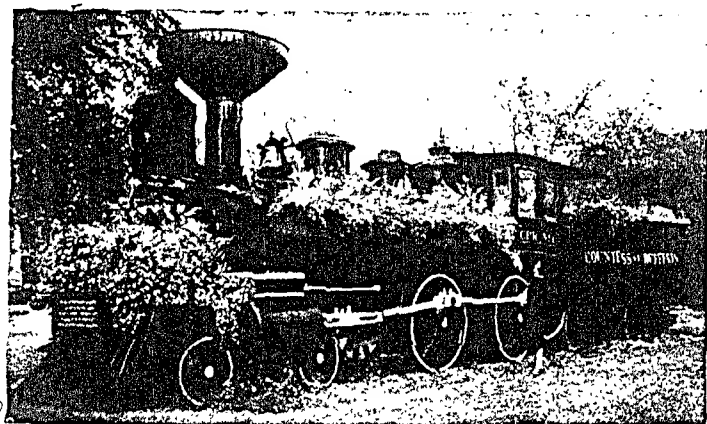
On her first visit to Toronto, the Countess, Lady Dufferin had an unusual experience. She was to sit in state to receive visitors. Her dress was carefully chosen. Arrangements were perfect. All afternoon there she sat! Nobody came! Her heart sank lower and lower as not one caller appeared! When Lord Dufferin came home at five o'clock, tea was served. He said to the servant, "Has nobody called?" . . . "O, yes," this helpful individual told him . . . "ever so many came, but I said 'Not at home!'" One hundred and four people had been turned away!

Down sat the Dufferins! A hundred and four notes were written to explain. It had to be done fast! There was to be a dinner party in the evening. What would the people think? Luckily the Toronto people had a sense of humor. No one was offended, and the dinner occurred as arranged.

Naturally, everyone wanted to meet the Dufferins! So did we in the West. Five years we waited. Then, for us the great day arrived! Let us remember that in the pioneer days such tours weren't managed so easily as at present. At that time, Minneapolis wasn't 30 years old, and as yet the railroad not completed. But at last the Dufferins came and the journey was full of adventures for the smiling lady.

She travelled across swamps, lakes and prairie lands. A bush fire was thrilling! In the early days in the West, hardships were no respecters of persons. The travellers were treated to all the "trimmings", even bumped off the railway track.

Travelling by way of Chicago and St. Paul, at last they found themselves at Fisher's Landing in North Dakota where a stern-wheeler, the "Minnesota", was to take them down the Red River to Manitoba. The old stern-wheeler had a way of its own. It seemed to go from one bank of the winding river to the other, crushing and crashing against the trees that grew down to the riverbank. Lady Dufferin says the branches swept over the deck and slapped their faces. The Governor-General's hat was knocked off his head, the Lady's ink bottle was swept away as she was making the notes in her journal. This very twisty river was really the Red Lake river. When they reached the Red River itself it was wide enough for them to go straight down it.



THE "PIONEER" COUNTESS.

The charming Countess was always being "smothered in nosegays."
So is the sturdy little wood-burning engine named in her honor.
The first locomotive to operate in Western Canada now stands
at the entrance of the C.P.R. station in Winnipeg.

(Courtesy Canadian Pacific Railway)



On board, for lunch they had sardines and ice cream! Towards evening to liven things up the mosquitoes appeared. Although the night was very dark and the river looked gloomy and mysterious . . . the passengers preferred to sit on the bow of the steamer in the fresh air. Suddenly on this August night in 1877 as they sat watching the black reflections in the water, their steamer whistled. In the distance they heard it answered! As they rounded a bend they were met by the steamer "Manitoba" from Winnipeg, displaying a huge sign which read "Welcome Lord Dufferin." A cannon was fired, flags were waved, people sang and cheered, and the Governor-General had just time to call out a few words of thanks before the "Manitoba" disappeared in the darkness.

When the visitors arrived at Fort Garry, it was arranged that the Countess and the other ladies with her should start half an hour ahead and go to the City Hall. Here they sat till the noise and shouting announced the Governor-General's arrival in a carriage and four.

Winnipeg, as always, gave a royal welcome, and looked gay and pretty with transplanted trees; flags, and very handsome arches! Addresses were read and answered. Then off they went to Silver Heights near Headingly, to stay in a house lent them by Mr. Donald Smith, whom we know best as Lord Strathcona. Remember, this was in the early days.

At Silver Heights, Indians and their squaws called and did a war dance for the entertainment of the party.

At a ball at Government House in Winnipeg, the Red River Jig was danced. Lady Dufferin said it was exactly like an Irish jig. Going home to Silver Heights one of the carriages struck a post and broke a spring. But the party was in good hands. Their escort was the Hon. James McKay. The Countess called him the "boss" of the party. This man seems to have made a great impression on the Countess. When travelling he always went ahead, steering them through the bogs, his boy of eleven riding on a pony beside him. She says she never saw such a fat boy—but why not? Father weighed 320 pounds. He always wore moccasins. The Countess liked his blue coat with the big hood and the brass buttons! His red and black flannel shirt with the homespun trousers and his very broad belt fascinated her. No wonder he is again described as "a grand and massive man pacing hotel corridors with noiseless footfalls while excitable little city men in shiny boots creak and stamp about like so many busy little steam engines."

Of course the Countess went to St. Boniface. There she saw a rifle match. She fired a shot that didn't even hit the target but which was marked up as a bull's eye! The match was on. Hats off to that chivalrous marker! She was our guest.

How she would have enjoyed a Calgary Stampede, because most of all, at St. Boniface, the Countess enjoyed seeing a man lassoing a wild cow. The cow knocked over two men! It was certainly exciting and everyone laughed and enjoyed it, as the men were not hurt.

In the early days always a special point of interest in Manitoba was a trip to Stony Mountain.



Lady Dufferin.

(Courtesy Ottawa Archives)



When visitors came they were always taken out to see the good sized herd of buffalo there as well as the penitentiary, which was probably the largest building here at that time. When the Dufferins were to arrive at Stony Mountain that was something special.

About half a mile away from the village, the Countess says they were met by some gentlemen, who asked them to go the rest of the way in a Red River cart. This, she says, was decorated with boughs and was drawn by eighty oxen. Think of it! Eighty oxen! She says it was such fun and it all looked so pretty. It seemed like a fairy tale. She "felt like a barbarian princess" as she drove along in this comfortable cart. The lovely lady never will know that for their comfort that special cart had been taken apart by the men and a set of springs put under the floor boards! It had taken days and days to decorate that cart and to trim all the oxen, as well as the men's hats, with rosettes of the gay colored ribbons! Forty hats, as each pair of oxen was led by one man.

And that was not all!

That Stony Mountain "triumphal arch" made of grain, with a spinning wheel, plough and other farm implements made of grain set on top, was a triumph in itself! So were several other arches. One of them was specially decorated with flags! This particular arch had a green rope stretched across the opening from side to side. The Countess was asked to cut this green rope. She did! Then with a saucy little spade she emptied some earth out of a gay little wheelbarrow that was standing in

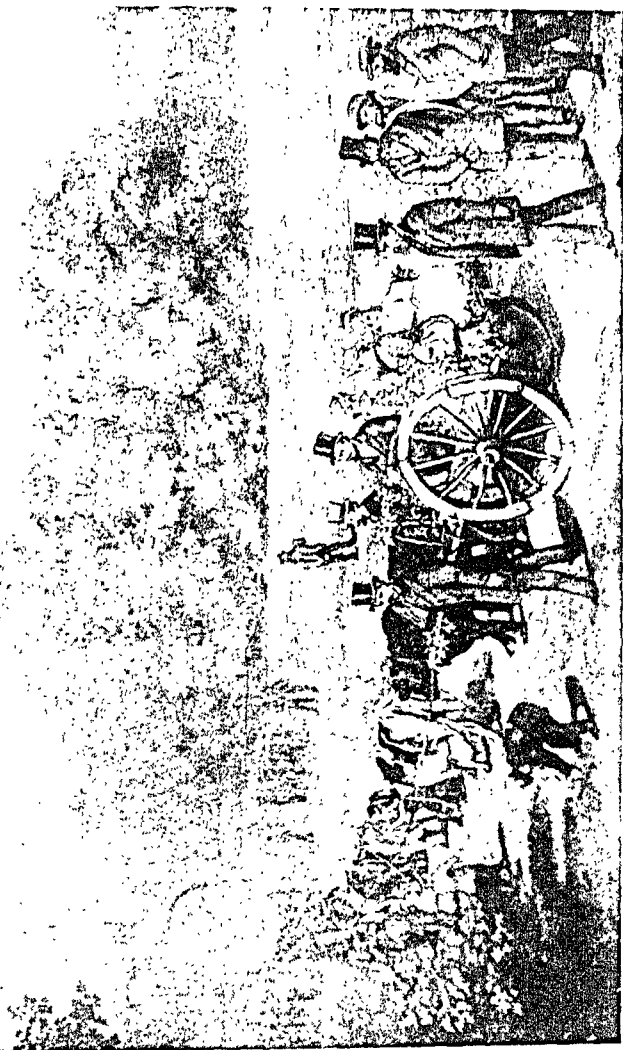
the centre of the arch. This was the way the first part of a new road in to Winnipeg was officially opened.

At St. Andrews, a young lady, trembling violently, made a speech in Cree and a little girl in the school there read a poem of welcome. They liked this, especially as the little girl was almost speechless with fright.

Selkirk had an arch too! This one was made of railway tools and train gadgets. The different kind of arches, not only in the West, but all along their various tours in Canada impressed the Dufferins greatly. The Governor-General said that always their path was strewn with flowers and at times Lady Dufferin almost smothered in nosegays.

They passed under arches of cheese, one of salt, another of wheels! An arch of hardware, one of stoves, pots and pans; an arch of sofas, chairs and household furniture; even an arch of ladders laden with firemen in their oilskin outfits! An arch of carriages; one of boats, an arch of children; then, as His Excellency called it, "not an arch, but rather a heavenly rainbow made up of smiling and beautiful girls".

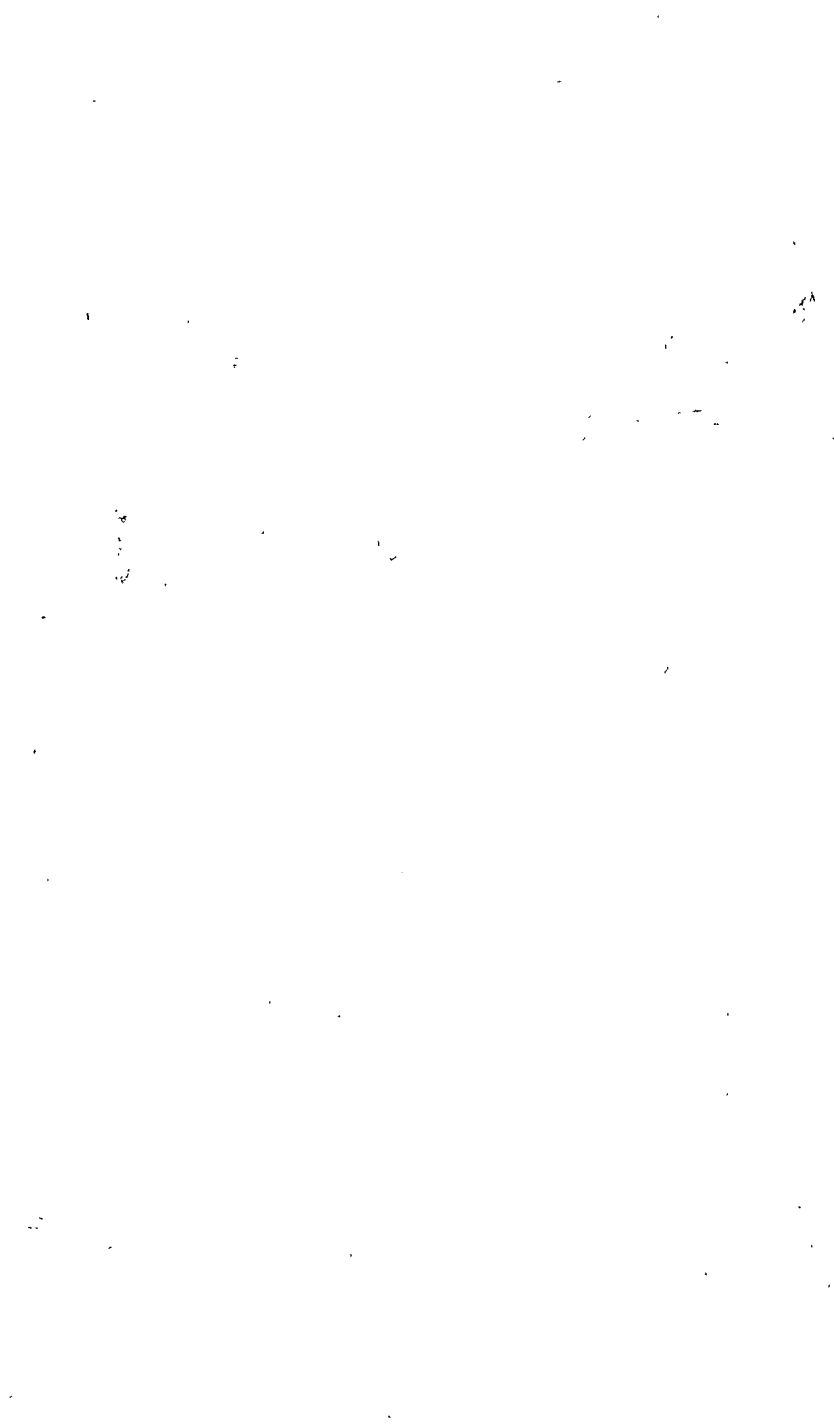
At Keewatin, Lady Dufferin found riding on corduroy roads very tiring. They camped at Lake of the Woods and she learned about making camp beds. First the dry grass, then small branches of fir laid in a certain way, then a buffalo robe and on top of that blankets and blankets! At another place she made a loaf of bread, under the direction of Mr. McKay.



THERE WERE EIGHTY OXEN WITH COLOURED RIBBONS.

The Countess of Dufferin said she felt like a barbarian princess as she drove through the Stony Mountain triumphal arch in 1877.

(Courtesy St. Boniface Museum)



On their last day at Winnipeg, cheer followed cheer as the Governor-General and the Countess both drove a spike in the new Canadian Pacific Railway.

Guns volleyed farewells!

One dear old member of parliament almost fell into the water as they pulled the gangplank from under him and his farewell speeches.

On their homeward journey, the Countess saw the engine that was named in her honor. There it was on a flat-car at Fisher's Landing, a trifle late, but ready to travel the rest of the way, on the famous barge, which brought it to Winnipeg. If she could see us today no doubt the Countess would smile as we climb up and into the little old cab of the first Choo-Choo! The snapshots taken there must be in scrap books all over the world.

The Countess of Dufferin lived until October, 1936. No finer monument is to be found than the sturdy little pioneer engine that proudly bears her name.

She'd love it!

They Ate a Church

Mrs. Peck was a clergyman's wife and she lived in the land of the Midnight Sun a long time ago. When she got there it was the dogs she minded most. No one had told her what Eskimo dogs could or would do. She found out.

Safe at home in England she had listened to stories of the Arctic. Fur socks to keep your feet warm sounded wonderful! But this English girl was puzzled. How could she tell the Eskimo men from the women, she wanted to know, because she was told they dressed alike.

Mr. Peck said it was easy. "The women have a sort of flapping tail to their suits," he told her, "and a large hood."

When he said they carried their babies in the hoods, she could hardly wait to see them. Then, when he added that the babies managed nicely with a piece of raw seal meat or some blubber for a teething ring, it was almost too much. Blubber for a baby! Somehow fat from a whale does seem more like food for a prize fighter, doesn't it?

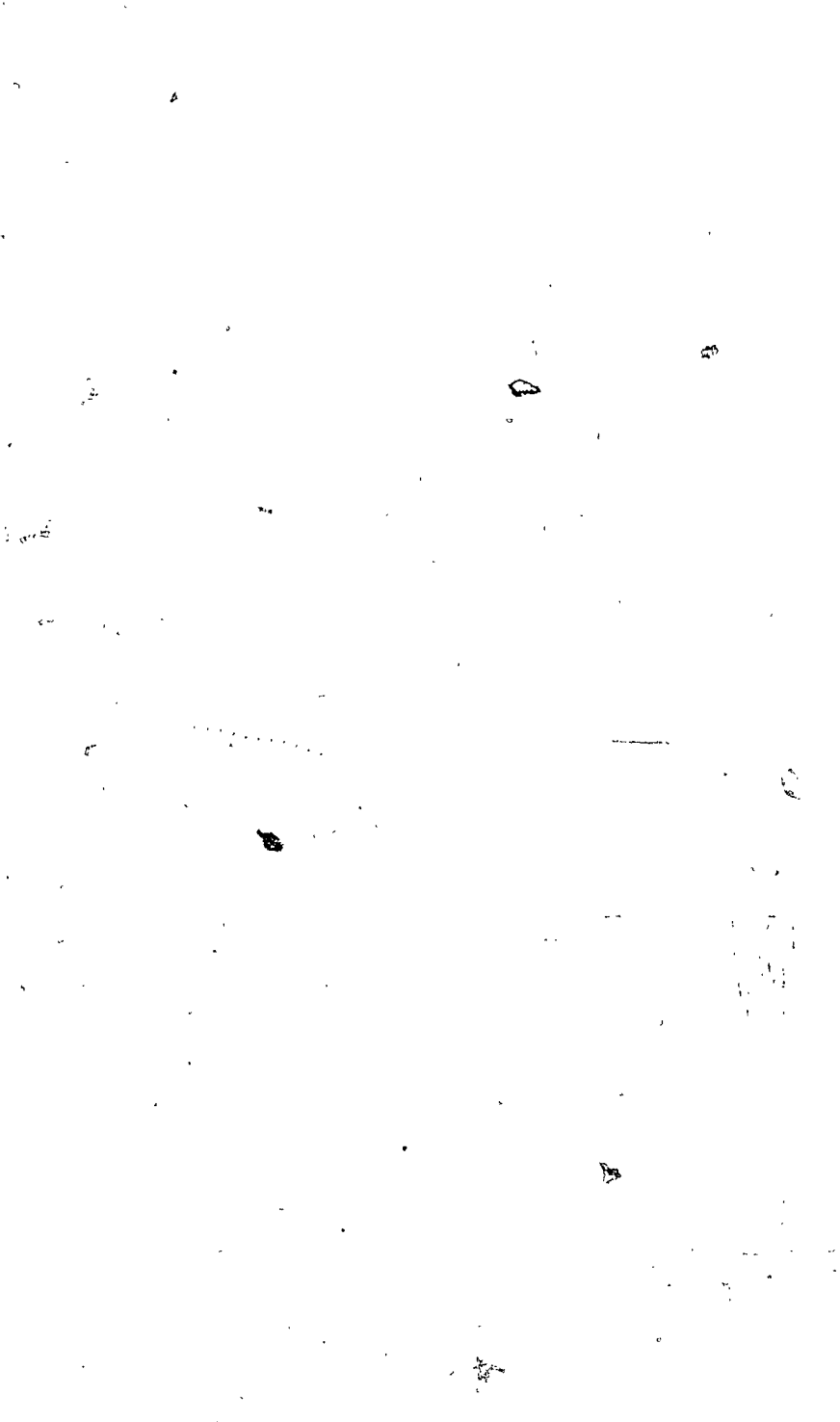
Another thing she looked forward to was seeing the Eskimos in their two fur suits, worn one over the other! She wondered too, how it felt, when you wore the inside suit with the fur next to your skin. Did it tickle? It amused her.

Yes . . . this English girl knew she was going to like living among the Eskimos! Besides she wanted a fur suit of her own. It sounded cosy.



Chopping up seal for dogs.

(Courtesy Hudson's Bay Company)



Her honeymoon planning was full of expectations. She was chock-full of stories of the adventurous life ahead of her. And don't forget this was many years ago! In 1885 "*Exercise Musk-Ox*" hadn't been dreamed of! Girls were different then too, especially Mrs. Peck, for she lived with her brother in his clergyman's house in England. And now . . . she was to marry an Arctic missionary, her brother's friend, Mr. Edmund Peck!

Few, if any, brides from England today have a 500-mile canoe trip ahead of them. Yes, Mrs. Peck was to finish her journey to her new home at Moose Factory in a frail birch-bark canoe. Clergymen's wives must be prepared for anything.

They came by way of Quebec and Montreal . . . through Lake Huron and into Lake Superior. Though this was over 60 years ago the first part was easy, but from friendly Michipicotan Harbour on, with her missionary husband, she paddled and portaged that whole 500 miles.

What a honeymoon! It took them six weeks. Their Indian guides, for fun, tried to scare the life out of her with their stories of danger ahead. But she was a good sport. She loved it all.

That first winter Mr. Peck's work took him to Little Whale River and she was alone at Moose Factory. In fact, she was often alone there for months at a stretch.

In time a little boy was born, and then, a girl. One time Mrs. Peck went along with her husband on one of his trips. This was away farther north to Great Whale River. It was when the baby girl was only three months old, so she was carried in a moss

bag, like the Indian babies. It was the best way, but Mrs. Peck couldn't help laughing at the baby in the bag because she said all the babies in bags, even her own, looked like small bolsters . . . those "sausage shaped" pillows once used.

We'd like her, wouldn't we? Her husband was fine too, and a good missionary! The Eskimos liked him. One of them said, "He fell down from Heaven to help the Eskimos!" It was the Eskimos' way of telling people of the blessings he brought them.

Then the Pecks left Moose Factory to go farther north.

Fort George was now their home, and believe it or not, there they had wall paper on the walls. What if it did give a loud report when it was frosty, or burst at the seams in the boards!

Their groceries came from England once a year. At Fort George in the summer they managed to grow a few potatoes. Miserable specimens they were, . . . so turnips were their main supply of fresh vegetables. We can imagine the size of those too, because, a few years later the little girl who was born there at Fort George, gave it away. She was taken home to England on a visit. When offered apples she astonished her relatives by shouting out, "Oh, what *big* turnips!" Seven years old she was, and never had she seen apples before.

Mrs. Peck's work was different from that of most Canadian mothers. But she managed, with a little Indian girl to help her. During the day she held school for the children whose parents worked for the Hudson's Bay Company at the Fort. A couple of Eskimo boys needed help, so she kept them



THOSE DOGS AGAIN!
Why doesn't somebody do something?
(Courtesy of Dr. R. L. Sutton)



at her own house. She fed and taught them and mended their clothes as if they were her own children.

Christmas was the busy time. About 60 Indians and several dozen Eskimos came to call. They were given coffee or tea and cakes. They would all shake hands with Mrs. Peck . . . that was very important, but still more, they wanted to kiss the little boy. He would be their minister after a while they said.

Mrs. Peck seems to have had more trouble with the Eskimo dogs than with the people. With the people she got on well. But those dogs!!! One dog died from the effects of eating one of her precious dish towels. Another made a meal of a dress that belonged to the little Indian girl that helped her. The dress had been hung out to dry and that was the end of it.

A professor in one of the colleges in Winnipeg says he remembers when he was a student in England that Mr. Peck came to talk to them. Mr. Peck, on leave from the Arctic, told them how when first he used to go on his work through his district, the bread would be frozen and he would have to chop off little bits. Then he decided to wrap the bread up in a towel and take it to bed with him in his sleeping bag. It really worked. By morning it was always thawed.

Then he told them the story of the skin church. It was those dogs again! They literally ate up the new church. Imagine! It happened this way. Due to bad weather the fish food for the dogs was scarce, and there stood the church made with skins. Probably the poor dogs were starving! Anyway, it must have been more than "only playing" that prompted

the hundred huskies to climb up on top of the Arctic church and chew off the roof of skins. The roof tasted good and they soon finished the place, leaving only the wooden benches for the worshippers. Some years later a small girl in Scotland when she heard of it said, "Well, if a kirk was eaten by dogs . . . now I really can believe that the whale swallowed Jonah!"

Dogs or no dogs, Mrs. Peck was happy in this land of the Midnight Sun. Her husband's work seemed easier when she was with him.

I told you she was fine, didn't I?





Travel by Dog Sled in Winter.

(Courtesy Hudson's Bay Company)



"Saskatchewan Taylor"

Nicknames as a rule help us to know a person. Names like, "Klondyke Mike," "Handy Andy" or "Sam Slick", I mean.

Because James Taylor, whose home was in the United States, was forever telling the people back home what a wonderful place Saskatchewan was, and what a marvellous soil Canada had for growing things, it was only natural that his American friends tagged him "Saskatchewan" Taylor. And the name stuck . . . "Saskatchewan" Taylor.

Mr. Taylor didn't mind. He liked it. He went right on talking about Saskatchewan and what he had seen there.

Of course, Mr. Taylor had seen other parts of the Northwest too. He liked roaming about in out-of-the-way places; he knew all kinds of things. He could even tell you where to find a prairie crocus.

In his travels, naturally he ran into all sorts of adventures. He loved Indians! One time when he visited the Red River, right on the site of Winnipeg . . . (of course this was long before Winnipeg started) Mr. Taylor said right at that very place he watched 500 Crees doing something odd and exciting. Very!

When he wrote to his friends at home about it, he told them he saw with his own eyes, "Indians of the plains with their medicine men performing curious and barbarous incantations."

He watched, no doubt, from a distance. Those "incantations" as he called the strange dances and

songs and mysterious actions, had an effect on "Saskatchewan" Taylor. But why not? That's what "spells and charms" are meant to do anyway, isn't it?

It was a thrilling visit! Mr. Taylor loved it all. He just had to come back. And he did . . . He came back to the Red River Settlement as United States Consul.

That's a big title for anyone, and a big job, too.

A Consul's job is to live in a foreign country and to help the people there to become interested in his own. He must also help his own countrymen when they come to him seeking his advice.

There was plenty to be done in Northwest Canada by the new Consul when he arrived.

Mr. Taylor was anxious to be at it, but, as you know, travel on the prairie was slow in those days. Most of it was by Red River cart or river boats, and they certainly were not built for speed.

Think of it . . . It took him ten days to get here from St. Paul. Today in an airplane we cover the distance in a few hours.

Finally, the day came! After passing many Indian tepees on the river bank, "Saskatchewan" Taylor was nearing the Red River Settlement. The Captain blew a blast on the whistle, as they rounded the bend. Before long the last leg of the new Consul's journey would be over.

Standing on the upper-deck he watched the crowd on the shore. Men on the landing waved their hats! When "Saskatchewan" Taylor stepped off the stern-wheeler that November morning in



Winnipeg in 1882.



1870 everybody cheered, and the new Consul knew he was among friends.

For that matter, he was always among friends. Mr. Taylor was that kind of a man. Because he was friendly, he had been chosen to fill such an important position. Good manners and a pleasing personality go a long way towards success.

There were other reasons too. People liked him not only because he was friendly and liked them. They welcomed him and admired him because he was a very clever lawyer and knew so much, and, what's more, he got things done. He was what we call a "hustler."

Yes . . . "Saskatchewan" Taylor was really one of them. The free and easy way they did things on the prairie suited him exactly. He liked the way they laid out their farms and staked their property. To a lawyer, such as Mr. Taylor, the simple way they did it was almost unbelievable. No fuss, no bother, because this was in the days when land in the Northwest was occupied and claims were settled in the easy Indian fashion.

All one needed was a pony and a long red pole. If you were the one that was staking the claim, you rode the pony. Another man went along to carry the pole. Off you went!

Where you were to stake your claim, you got off the pony and turned him sideways. Then, over his back you watched the man with the pole walk away. You waited as you stood at the side of the pony that was farthest away from the man with the pole, and then when he got a long way off you stooped down and peered at him from between

the pony's front and back legs. You stayed stooped! The pole man walked and walked and kept on walking till he was about to vanish from view. Then you shouted, "Hi!" . . . and waved your arms and watched him plant the red pole.

That was all!

Officially you see, you had "staked" the land that, whilst you were stooping, it was possible for you to see.

Quite properly, you could say to yourself, "From now on that piece of prairie belongs to me! I mean, the land bounded by my pony's hind legs and front legs, and from his belly to the ground he stood on. It's mine . . . See!"

Maybe the lots were not always the same size . . . but what is a few feet of prairie between friends?

Is it any wonder "Saskatchewan" Taylor loved it all?

It was a grand life, though sometimes Indians went on the warpath. That was bad! Then too, when the Northern Pacific railway was being built, toughs from the United States tried to cause trouble. That was bad too! Consul Taylor, as he was now called, had his hands full.

With so much to do one wonders how the man had time to look for a crocus.

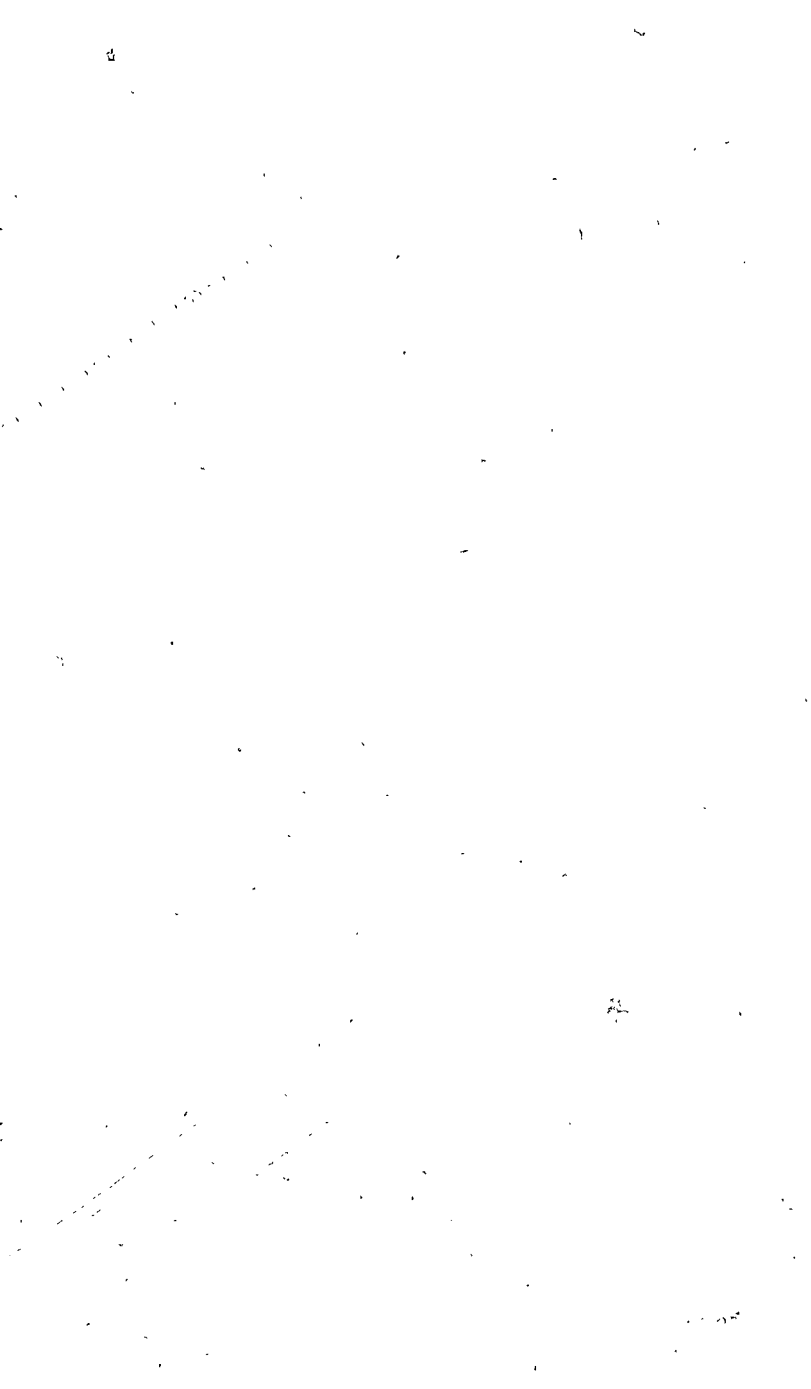
But he did, and if you want to know what this crocus hunter looked like, go to the City Hall in Winnipeg.

In this building there is a room called the Council Chamber. This is the room where people look after the affairs of the City of Winnipeg. Here



ALDERMEN AT WORK.

His Worship the Mayor presides at the fortnightly meeting in the Winnipeg Council Chamber.



are the people that the citizens chose on election day when they voted.

There are eighteen people who do this. They meet every two weeks to discuss the business of the city and they are called Aldermen. They are led by a most important person called the Mayor of Winnipeg. He is the Head.

At these meetings the Mayor sits behind a big high desk facing the others. They sit at smaller ones. Each Alderman has his own. These desks are not arranged in rows like the ones at school, but are placed in the form of a horseshoe.

You may be wondering what all this has to do with Consul Taylor. It has a great deal to do with him because high up on the wall right above the great chair where the Mayor sits, hangs a large oil painting.

This is a picture of Consul Taylor!

You see how important he is! His picture hangs there between the pictures of the King and the Queen. Look carefully at the painting. On the table beside the Consul, do you see where the artist has painted a bowlful of crocus blossoms? As you know, the little purple flower is the one that stands for Manitoba, the same as the Maple Leaf represents Canada.

Consul Taylor loved the little furry blossom and many people believe that it was he who started the prairie crocus on its way to being the flower, or floral emblem, that represents Manitoba.

There they are . . . the artist has placed them on the table beside him just as Mr. Taylor would like to have them.

And do you know what some of his friends did for many years? Every spring they used to place a bowlful of these blossoms beneath this painting,—every April 28th, because that was the day the Consul died in 1893.

In the painting he's all dressed up. After all, a man in his position has to wear his best clothes sometimes, just to be proper; but his friends like to remember him as he looked in his Hudson's Bay blanket chatting round the old market place behind the City Hall. The market is there still.

For his shopping, he carried a large hand-woven basket slung over one arm and there in his big grey blanket he passed the time of day with the rest who came to buy. There was lots to talk about, even if the early settlers didn't have the problems of to-day.

Everyone thought it was clever of the Consul too, the way he put on his blanket. Windy spring mornings never worried him in the least . . . not "Saskatchewan"! He wore it three-corner-wise like a parka and pinned down tightly with the biggest safety pins you ever saw . . . and you saw them all right because he made no effort to hide them.

And speaking of spring mornings! It was a long trek in those horse and buggy days out to Dr. Bird's hill to gather wild flowers. But at 70 years young, Mr. Taylor took that in his stride. "Why, it's spring!" he would say. "The ladies are waiting! The crocus is in bloom! No time to be lost!"

Consul Taylor in his grey blanket would go briskly into action!

Spring after spring the courteous Consul made his rounds presenting the smiling ladies with those cherished clusters of the tiny wild flower. Not in his blanket, mind you . . . Oh no! All dressed up like the picture. This was an important occasion, —crocus time!

As you know, later the Manitoba school children too, settled it . . . They took "emblem" votes and decided they wanted the sturdy little crocus to represent Manitoba in the language of flowers, but the buds themselves whisper to anyone who cares to listen, "Consul Taylor started us on our way to being the floral emblem of this province! Consul Taylor!—Consul Taylor!"

He never told. No one ever knew how busy he was in the springtime! But among his papers was found a carefully guarded list of names . . . *every lady's name was there!* He needed a list. Winnipeg was a big place by that time and no one could be missed.

It was never published, but the five hundred names on that paper meant far more than five hundred little bouquets!

How lucky we are to have that painting! It helps us to keep in mind a courteous, kindly gentleman, a fine old timer who helps us to remember what a grand thing it is to be a "good neighbor." He said it with flowers!

Yes! Do take time some day to climb those stairs in the Winnipeg City Hall and see for yourself the picture of Consul Taylor.

Another thing . . . there's only one other American Consul's picture hanging anywhere else in a foreign Council Chamber in any part of the world, so that in itself makes it special.

No doubt the Consul climbed those very stairs when the place was being built.

He always liked to see what was happening.



Saskatchewan Taylor, U.S.A.



Almighty Voice

In 1895 Almighty Voice lived in the Cree Indian Camp near Batoche in Saskatchewan. He was nineteen when he first got into trouble with the Mounted Police.

Almighty Voice was not really a bad Indian. He just wanted his own way and didn't want to obey laws. He was very strong, afraid of nothing, and his own people thought him a great young Brave. He knew this, and it made him brag a great deal about what he could do. He wanted to show them what "a heap big Indian" he was.

The Mounted Police rode about the country enforcing the law, among both white settlers and Indians. There was one law the Indians did not like. It said that no one could steal or kill another person's cattle.

One day when Almighty Voice was riding across the prairie, he suddenly came upon a cow that had strayed from its herd. There was no one to be seen anywhere. He thought he could break the law without being found out. He shot the cow and dragged it back to the Cree camp where all the tribe had a share of the meat.

In some way, news of this law-breaking reached the Mounted Police. They arrested Almighty Voice and took him to Duck Lake. He was put in jail for a month as punishment for what he had done. He was locked in a room with several other Indians, and a guard sat with them. Every four hours this guard was changed and another man took his place.

The Indians rolled themselves in their blankets and slept on the floor. One night while the guard was being changed, Almighty Voice managed to slip through the door and escape. He reached the Cree camp, picked up a horse, and galloped off across the prairie.

It was early morning before his escape was discovered. Two Mounted Policemen, Sergeant Colebrook and Francois Dumont, were sent to get the Indian. They travelled a long way before running into Almighty Voice. He had just killed a prairie chicken and he and his squaw were plucking it. When Almighty Voice saw the police, he ran into a nearby bush. His squaw stayed on the prairie, and called to her husband not to shoot as it would only get him into worse trouble.

Sergeant Colebrook rode slowly towards the bush, talking all the time to Almighty Voice and urging him to give himself up. If the Indian had done this, he would simply have been made to serve his month in jail. Then he would have been warned to behave himself and would have been sent home.

But Almighty Voice did not want to be retaken. His own people might think him a weakling and a coward. He must show them what a big brave Indian he was. He called out from his hiding place, "Keep away policeman or I'll shoot. You'll not take me; I'll shoot".

Sergeant Colebrook rode steadily on. As he reached the bush, Dumont called excitedly, "Look out, he's going to shoot". But it was too late. Almighty Voice fired straight at Sergeant Colebrook and killed him. As he fell to the ground, Francois Dumont galloped off to the nearest village for help.



A group of Royal North West Mounted Police with Indians. The Indian in the centre is believed to be Almighty Voice. Second from the right is Commissioner L. W. Herchmer of the R.N.W.M.P.

(Courtesy Ottawa Archives)



There was no hope for Almighty Voice now. He had made himself a criminal, a murderer. He knew if he was caught now, he would be heavily punished, perhaps hanged. He and his squaw made off across the prairie as fast as their horses would gallop.

A small force of Mounted Police was sent to get Almighty Voice and take him to Regina. This was not an easy thing to do as the country was large, with Indians everywhere. They would be sure to help one of their own people, and would tell the police nothing. The few white settlers were scattered far apart and could give little aid to the police.

Weeks went by and no trace of Almighty Voice could be found. Winter came early, and the search had to wait until the following spring. Then the Mounted Police started again on their search. They knew they must find Almighty Voice or the Indians would lose their respect for the Force. They would think that if one Indian could break the law and go unpunished, others could do the same.

Summer passed, then autumn and another winter. Still nothing had been seen nor heard of Almighty Voice. Then one day two boys living about ten miles from the Cree camp, caught sight of him. David and Napoleon Venne were rounding up their cattle when they saw Almighty Voice with two other Indians chasing some cows into a bush. Napoleon rode off at once and told the Mounted Police.

Corporal Bowridge sent word of the find to the head of the Mounted Police Force, Inspector Allan. Then he rode back with Napoleon Venne.

He placed the boy on guard at one side of the bush while he watched at the other side. They had a long wait before help came. In the meantime Napoleon rode too close to the Indian's hiding place. A shot rang out, then another. The boy's shoulder was badly smashed and had to be bandaged by Corporal Bowridge. Napoleon was then sent back to his father's ranch.

The Corporal kept guard himself until Inspector Allan and other policemen came to his aid. They searched all through the bush, but once again Almighty Voice had made his escape.

On the policemen rode for about three miles. Suddenly in the distance they saw three dark forms running into a bluff of poplars. The underbrush was thick and they disappeared completely. Inspector Allan took one man with him and rode ahead of the others. He went into the bush alone, thinking he would be able to chase the Indians out on the open prairie.

A few minutes later his men heard a shot. They found Inspector Allan lying on the ground. He had been shot off his horse, badly wounded but not killed. He was taken back to Batoche and Corporal Hockin was placed in command.

It was growing dark, but Corporal Hockin knew they must get Almighty Voice that night. Otherwise he might escape in the darkness. He ordered the men to dismount and lined them up about eight feet apart. Each man carried his gun ready to shoot. With Corporal Hockin well in front, they walked slowly towards the bluff. Not a sound

was heard. They went straight through and saw no one.

They turned and started through in another direction. Suddenly a shot rang out and one man was killed. Immediately rifle fire filled the whole bush. An Indian was seen crawling through the underbrush towards a hole about ten feet away. A shot from a policeman's gun stopped him.

A few minutes later Corporal Hockin called out, "I'm hit, they've got me." He fell from his horse, shot through the heart. Another policeman was killed, and still no sign of the Indians. The two men who were left were out of ammunition. They needed help and stole quietly away to get it.

The Mounted Police decided the Indians must be hiding in a hole somewhere in the bush. A ring of men was placed around it and all night a large fire was kept burning. Little could be seen in the darkness.

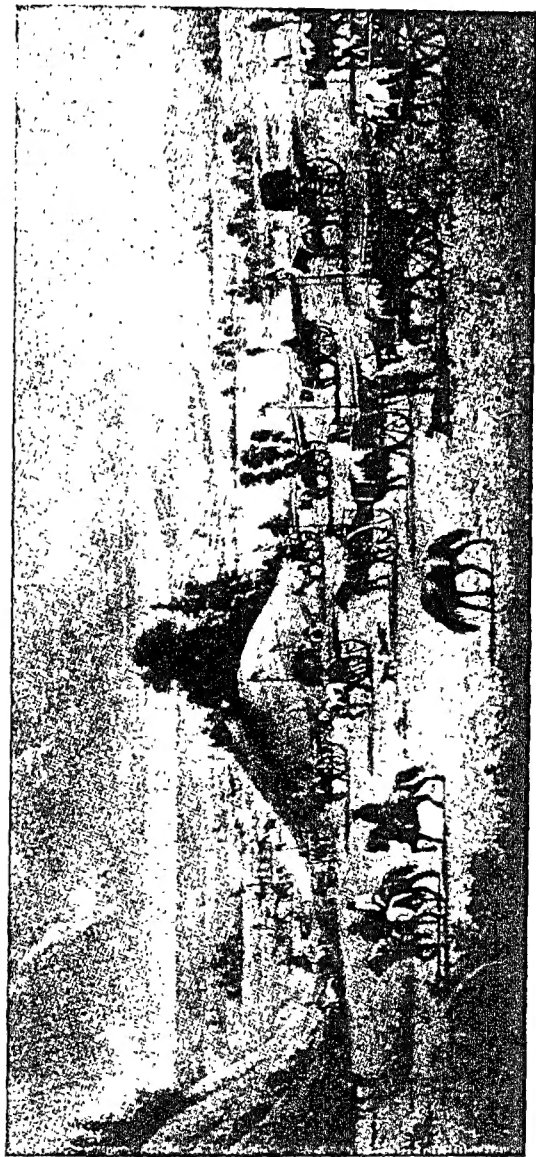
Bands of Indians from all over the prairie had gathered to watch the fight. They sang and jeered at the Police. They called to Almighty Voice to keep on shooting. That night seemed very long to the Mounties.

Towards dawn more Mounted Police arrived with two small cannon. At first these were fired over the bluff. The Indians still refused to come out, and cannon fire swept from one side of the bush to the other.

As day brightened, the police rushed the bluff of poplars. They dismounted, ran to the trees, lay down and fired a volley. Then, they moved on,

repeating their fire. When they reached the Indians' hiding place, they found the three dead men lying in a deep hole. Almighty Voice had one arm wrapped in a piece of old blanket, showing he had been wounded before. His fighting days were over.

Poor mistaken Almighty Voice! By breaking the law and fighting, he thought he would show his people what a big Brave he was. He forgot that the law he broke was made to protect Indians as well as white settlers. The Mounted Police he fought and killed were the men appointed to see that the law was kept by everyone.



Buffalo Hunt at Fort Garry.

Reproduced from a painting by Paul Kane.

(Courtesy Hudson's Bay Company)



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